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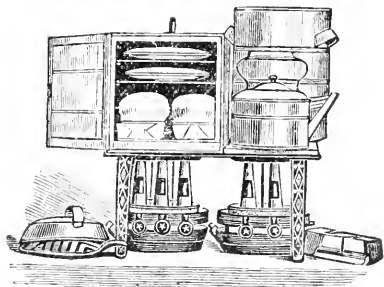
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406 MAIN STREET,

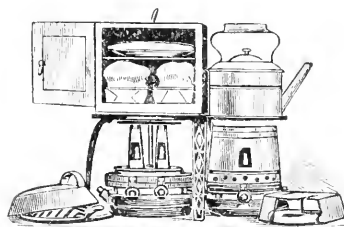
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The ingenious and invaluable device of the Water Wicks, in combination with the Oil Wicks, not only makes explosion absolutely impossible, but also generates an intensely hot vapor with the flame; thereby the combustion is rendered perfectly complete. An entire freedom from smell, soot and all other impurities, since the carbon and volatile gases that escape by all other methods, are by this arrangement alone, held and utilized. The heat value of the flame is thus greatly enhanced, its action being concentrated and surprisingly effectual. There can be no explosion, as the Water Tank is between the oil and the flame. It is also odorless; the food cannot taste or smell of the oil, since the gas is all consumed.



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1 Burner, 5 inch wick.	\$2 50	No. 3. Oven.....	2 00
2 " with Stand, 10 inch wick..	4 50	Tea Kettle.....	75
3 " " 15 " ..	5 50	" " Copper Bottom.....	1 00
4 " " 20 " ..	6 50	No. 1, Steak Broiler.....	1 00
No. 1, Steamer.....	3 00	" 2, " ..	75
" 2, " ..	2 00	Flat Iron Heater.....	75
" 1. Oven.....	4 00	3 Burner Lamp with Heater.....	7 00
" 2, " ..	3 00	Heater without Lamp.....	2 00

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DEAR SIR: Having thoroughly tested the Non-Explosive Lamp Stove, sold by C. S. West, of this city, we find that not in any particular have the claims regarding its merits been exaggerated. Its use may be recommended with confidence for safety, economy and comfort.

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GRAND ARMY

OF THE REPUBLIC

ALMANAC

FOR 1879.

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P R E F A C E .

WE take pleasure in placing before the public a work which must prove of value to every one interested in the stirring events through which our Country passed, during the period from 1861 to 1865, inclusive, and it is our aim to present (as far as may be) a complete Chronological Record of the Engagements participated in by the Union forces, together with such reminiscences of Army Life as shall help to keep alive the love of Country in every American heart.

Fourteen years have passed since the close of the great struggle, and yet we have not a HOME for the Veterans in the old Bay State, who were among the first to respond to the call of "To arms! to arms!" Among our numbers there are many who are unable to gain a livelihood by reason of wounds and disease contracted on the Battle Fields. Once more we appeal to the public to aid us in securing a *permanent Home* for those who gave the best days of their lives that our Country might stand undivided under the OLD FLAG.

We most earnestly and respectfully ask the generous co-operation of the public to assist us in this our good purpose, by purchasing a copy of the Grand Army Almanac.

WORCESTER, MASS., Nov. 1878.

H. N. E.

ECLIPSES IN THE YEAR 1879.

In the year 1879 there will be three Eclipses: two of the Sun and one of the Moon.

I. AN ANNULAR ECLIPSE OF THE SUN, January 22. Invisible. Visible to portions of South America and Africa.

II. AN ANNULAR ECLIPSE OF THE SUN, July 19. Invisible. Visible to Africa, and to small portions of Europe and Asia.

III. A PARTIAL ECLIPSE OF THE MOON, December 28. Invisible. Visible, more or less, to the world generally, except to South America and a portion of North America.

MORNING AND EVENING STARS.

MERCURY will be Morning Star about January 16, May 15, September 9, and December 28; and Evening Star about March 29, July 27, and November 20.

VENUS will be Evening Star till September 23; then Morning Star for the rest of the year.

JUPITER will be Evening Star till February 8; then Morning Star till August 31; and Evening Star again the rest of the year.

THE SEASONS.

Vernal Equinox (Spring begins), March 20, 6 h. 26 m. A. Summer Solstice (Summer begins), June 21, 2 h. 35 m. A. Autumnal Equinox (Autumn begins), September 23, 5 h. 9 m. M. Winter Solstice (Winter begins), December 21, 11 h. 18 m. A. (Given in Washington time.)

RATES OF POSTAGE.

POSTAL CARDS, costing 1 cent each, can be purchased at any Post Office, and sent to any part of the United States or Dominion of Canada.

LETTERS TO ANY PART OF THE UNITED STATES OR DOMINION OF CANADA, 3 cents for each $\frac{1}{2}$ ounce or part thereof.

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On orders not exceeding \$15, 10 cents; over \$15, not exceeding \$30, 15 cents; over \$30, not exceeding \$40, 20 cents; over \$40 not exceeding \$50, 25 cents. When a larger sum than fifty dollars is required, additional orders to make it up must be obtained.

1st MONTH.

JANUARY, 1879.

31 DAYS.

MOON'S PHASES.		BOSTON.	NEW YORK.	WASHINGTON.	CHARLESTON.	CHICAGO.
	D.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.
Full Moon.....	8	7 4 morn.	6 52 morn.	6 40 morn.	6 28 morn.	5 58 morn.
Third Quarter.....	15	6 18 morn.	6 6 morn.	5 54 morn.	5 42 morn.	5 12 morn.
New Moon.....	22	7 7 morn.	6 55 morn.	6 43 morn.	6 31 morn.	6 1 morn.
First Quarter.....	30	7 0 morn.	6 48 morn.	6 30 morn.	6 24 morn.	5 54 morn.

Day of Month.	Day of Week.	CALENDAR FOR Boston; New Eng- land, New York State, Michigan, Wisconsin, Iowa and Oregon.			CALENDAR FOR New York City; Phil- adelphia, Connec- ticut, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana & Illinois.		
		SUN RISES.	SUN SETS.	MOON SETS.	SUN RISES.	SUN SETS.	MOON SETS.
		H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.
1	Wed	7 30	4 38	0 58	7 25	4 44	0 55
2	Thur	7 30	4 39	2 0	7 25	4 44	1 56
3	Fri	7 30	4 40	3 3	7 25	4 45	2 58
4	Sat	7 30	4 41	4 7	7 25	4 46	4 1
5	Sun	7 30	4 42	5 9	7 25	4 47	5 0
6	Mon	7 30	4 43	6 8	7 25	4 48	6 1
7	Tues	7 30	4 44	rises.	7 25	4 49	rises.
8	Wed	7 29	4 45	5 2	7 24	4 50	5 8
9	Thur	7 29	4 46	6 15	7 24	4 51	6 20
10	Fri	7 29	4 47	7 29	7 24	4 52	7 32
11	Sat	7 29	4 48	8 43	7 24	4 53	8 45
12	Sun	7 28	4 49	9 56	7 23	4 54	9 57
13	Mon	7 28	4 50	11 10	7 23	4 55	11 0
14	Tues	7 28	4 52	morn.	7 23	4 56	morn.
15	Wed	7 27	4 53	0 25	7 22	4 57	0 22
16	Thur	7 27	4 54	1 41	7 22	4 59	1 37
17	Fri	7 26	4 55	2 56	7 21	5 0	2 51
18	Sat	7 25	4 56	4 9	7 21	5 1	4 5
19	Sun	7 25	4 58	5 15	7 20	5 2	5 8
20	Mon	7 24	4 59	6 8	7 20	5 3	6 2
21	Tues	7 23	5 0	sets.	7 19	5 4	sets.
22	Wed	7 23	5 1	5 23	7 19	5 6	5 27
23	Thur	7 22	5 3	6 31	7 18	5 7	6 35
24	Fri	7 21	5 4	7 37	7 17	5 8	7 39
25	Sat	7 20	5 5	8 41	7 16	5 9	8 42
26	Sun	7 20	5 6	9 43	7 15	5 10	9 43
27	Mon	7 19	5 8	10 44	7 15	5 12	10 43
28	Tues	7 18	5 9	11 46	7 14	5 13	11 43
29	Wed	7 17	5 10	morn.	7 13	5 14	morn.
30	Thur	7 16	5 11	0 48	7 12	5 15	0 44
31	Fri	7 15	5 13	1 51	7 11	5 17	1 46

Movements and Engagements

January 1861.

23d.—The Confederates siezed the United States arsenal at Augusta, Georgia.

30th.—The revenue cutters, Cass, at Mobile, and McLelland, at New Orleans, surrendered to the Confederate authorities.

January 1862.

1st.—Mason and Slidell left Fort Warren for England in the British steamer Rinaldo.

4th.—Gen. Milroy defeated the confederates at Huntersville, Va., and captured \$80,000 worth of stores.

7th.—Confederates defeated at Romney.

8th.—Gen. Palmer defeated the Confederates at Silver Creek, Mo. Union loss, 4 killed and 18 wounded.

10th.—Col. Garfield defeated the Confederates under Humphrey Marshall at Prestonburg, Ky.

11th.—The Brunside expedition sailed from Fortress Monroe. Naval engagement on the Mississippi between the Union steamers Essex and St. Louis, and four Confederate boats; the latter were compelled to seek protection under the batteries at Columbus.

Simcon Cameron resigned his position as Secretary of War, and E. M. Stanton was appointed in his place.

19th.—Battle of Mill Spring, Ky. This battle was fought between 3,000 Union troops under Gen. Schoep and Confederates under Gen. Zollicoffer. The enemy were defeated and Gen. Zollicoffer killed. Union loss, 39 killed and 127 wounded.

January 1863.

1st.—Gen. Sullivan defeated the Confederates under Van Dorn, at Hunt's Cross Roads, near Lexington, Tenn. The Union garrison and the

A quaker said to a gunner, "Friend, I counsel no blood-shed; but if it be thy design to hit the little man in the blue jacket, point thine engine three inches lower."

January 1863.—CONTINUED.

steamer Harriet Lane captured at Galveston, Texas.

The Westfield destroyed to keep it from falling into the hands of the enemy. Commodore Renshaw perished with his vessel.

3d.—Since the hard battle of Dec. 31, fighting had been going on between the two armies at Murfreesboro. On the night of Jan. 3, the rebels commenced their retreat. The following is the official statement of the Union loss at the battle of Stone river: killed, 1,997, wounded 6,425, and 3,550 missing.

The Federal army withdrew from before Vicksburg. The Union loss in the second attack on Vicksburg was about 600 killed, 1,500 wounded, and 1,000 missing.

10th.—Battle of Arkansas Post. The attack was commenced Saturday night by the Mississippi squadron under Admiral Porter. On the following day, the land forces under Gen. McClelland joined in the fight, and before night all the fortifications were taken. About 7,000 prisoners and a large quantity of ammunition was captured. The Union loss was about 200 killed and wounded.

20th.—The Morning Light and Velocity, blockading Sabine City, Texas, were both captured by the Confederates.

22d.—Third attack on Vicksburg. After the capture of Arkansas Post, Gen. McClelland returned to Vicksburg and resumed the siege of that place.

28th.—Gen. Burnside relieved of the command of the army of the Potomac, and Gen. Hooker appointed in his place.

31st.—The Confederate General Pryor made an attack on the Union troops, under Gen. Peck, at Blackwater, Va. The Confederates were repulsed.

January 1865.

8th.—Gen. Butler removed from the command of the army of the James, and succeeded by Gen. Ord.

11th.—Beverly, Va., was attacked by a Confederate force under Gen. Rosser. The town and a large portion of the force defending it were captured.

16th.—Fort Fisher, near Washington, North Carolina, captured with all its equipments.

20th.—Confederates evacuate Corinth.

27th.—Confederate incendiaries set fire to the city of Savannah.

February 1864.

1st.—Texas Convention passed an ordinance of secession by a vote of 166 to 7, to be submitted to the people.

The Louisiana authorities seized the Mint and Custom House at New Orleans.

8th.—The United States arsenal at Little Rock surrendered to Arkansas.

9th.—Jefferson Davis and A. H. Stevens were elected Provisional President and Vice-President of the Southern Confederacy.

13th.—The electoral vote counted. Abraham Lincoln received 180 votes; Stephen A. Douglas, 12; John C. Breckenridge, 72; and John Bell, 39.

19th.—Fort Kearney, Kansas, seized by the Confederates.

23d.—Gen. Twiggs surrendered Government property in Texas, valued at \$1,200,000, to the Confederacy.

February 1862.

3d.—The Federal government decided that the crews of the captured privateers were to be considered as prisoners of war.

6th.—Commodore Foote with 7 gunboats attacked Fort Henry on the Tennessee river. The Confederate commander, General Tilghman, made an unconditional surrender.

8th.—Gen. Burnside captured six forts on Roanoke Island, taking about 3,000 small arms and destroying all the Confederate fleet except two vessels. Union loss was 50 killed and 212 wounded. 2,500 prisoners and a large quantity of ammunition were captured.

10th.—Elizabeth City, N. C. surrendered to Gen. Burnside. The Federal gunboats ascended the Tennessee river as far as Florence, Ala., captured three and destroying six Confederate boats.

13th.—Gen. Curtis took possession of Springfield, Mo.

14th.—Com. Foote attacked Fort Donelson with the gunboats, but was compelled to withdraw.

15th.—The attack on Fort Donelson renewed by the land forces under Gen. Grant, numbering 40,000.

Bowling Green evacuated by the Confederates.

2d MONTH.

FEBRUARY, 1879.

28 DAYS.

MOON'S PHASES.		BOSTON.		NEW YORK.	WASHINGTON.	CHARLESTON.	CHICAGO.
	D.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.
Full Moon.....	6	8 58 eve.	8 46 eve.	8 34 eve.	8 22 eve.	7 52 eve.	
Third Quarter.....	13	2 10 eve.	1 58 eve.	1 46 eve.	1 34 eve.	1 4 eve.	
New Moon.....	20	11 19 eve.	11 7 eve.	10 55 eve.	10 43 eve.	10 13 eve.	

Day of Month.	Day of Week.	CALENDAR FOR Boston; New Eng- land, New York State, Michigan, Wisconsin, Iowa & Oregon.			CALENDAR FOR New York City; Phil- adelphia, Connec- ticut, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana & Illinois.		
		SUN RISES.	SUN SETS.	MOON SETS.	SUN RISES.	SUN SETS.	MOON SETS.
		H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.
1	Sat	7 14	5 14	2 54	7 10	5 18	2 48
2	Sun	7 13	5 15	3 53	7 9	5 19	3 47
3	Mon	7 12	5 17	4 48	7 8	5 20	4 41
4	Tues	7 10	5 18	5 35	7 7	5 21	5 29
5	Wed	7 9	5 19	6 15	7 6	5 23	6 10
6	Thur	7 8	5 21 rises.		7 5	5 24 rises.	
7	Fri	7 7	5 22	6 25	7 4	5 25	6 27
8	Sat	7 6	5 23	7 40	7 3	5 26	7 41
9	Sun	7 5	5 25	8 56	7 1	5 28	8 56
10	Mon	7 3	5 26	10 13	7 0	5 29	10 11
11	Tues	7 2	5 27	11 30	6 59	5 30	11 26
12	Wed	7 1	5 28	morn.	6 58	5 31	morn.
13	Thur	6 59	5 30	0 44	6 57	5 32	0 42
14	Fri	6 58	5 31	2 0	6 55	5 34	1 55
15	Sat	6 56	5 32	3 8	6 51	5 35	3 1
16	Sun	6 55	5 33	4 5	6 53	5 36	3 59
17	Mon	6 54	5 35	4 52	6 51	5 37	4 46
18	Tues	6 52	5 36	5 30	6 50	5 38	5 25
19	Wed	6 51	5 37	6 0	6 48	5 39	5 57
20	Thur	6 49	5 39	sets.	6 47	5 41	sets.
21	Fri	6 48	5 40	6 28	6 46	5 42	6 29
22	Sat	6 46	5 41	7 30	6 44	5 43	7 30
23	Sun	6 45	5 42	8 32	6 43	5 44	8 31
24	Mon	6 43	5 44	9 33	6 41	5 45	9 31
25	Tues	6 42	5 45	10 36	6 40	5 46	10 32
26	Wed	6 40	5 46	11 38	6 38	5 48	11 29
27	Thur	6 39	5 47	morn.	6 37	5 49	morn.
28	Fri	6 37	5 49	0 40	6 35	5 50	0 34

February 1862.—CONTINUED.

16th.—Gen Buckner made an unconditional surrender of Fort Donelson and the troops under his command. Between 12,000 and 15,000 prisoners, 40 cannon, and a large amount of stores were captured. Union loss was 321 killed, 1,046 wounded, and 150 missing.

Skirmish at Independence, Mo.

21st.—Desperate fight at Fort Craig, New Mexico, between the Union troops under Col. Canby, and the Texans. The Federals were defeated with a loss of 62 killed and 162 wounded.

22d.—Jefferson Davis inaugurated President, and A. H. Stephens, Vice-President of the Southern Confederacy.

24th.—Nashville, Tenn., occupied by the Union troops.

27th.—Columbus evacuated by the Confederates.

February 1863.

2d.—The Federal ram Queen of the West ran the blockade at Vicksburg, but was captured a few days after by the Confederates.

27th.—The Confederate steamer Nashville, while attempting to run the blockade, got aground near Fort McAllister and was destroyed by the blockading fleet.

February 1864.

15th.—Gen. W. T. Sherman with his command arrived at Meridan, Miss., on his great raid into the heart of the enemy's country. Returned to Vicksburg with immense booty.

20th.—The advance into Florida of the Union forces about 5,000 strong, under Gen. Seymour, were repulsed near Olustee with a loss of 1,200. Confederate loss, about the same.

22d.—A heavy reconnoitering force sent out from Chattanooga by General Grant, met and defeated the enemy at Tunnel Hill.

An Irish fire-eater, previous to a trial in which he was the defendant, was informed by his counsel that if there were any of the jury to whom he objected he might legally challenge them. "Faith, and so I will," replied he; "if they do not acquit me, I will challenge every man of them."

February 1865.

1st.—Congress abolishes slavery in the United States.

12th.—Gen. Sherman occupied Branchville, S. C.

17th.—Gen. Sherman's victorious columns entered Columbia, S. C., and burned the city.

18th.—Gen. Lee assumes supreme command of the Confederate armies, and recommends arming of the blacks.

Charleston, S. C., evacuated and taken possession of by Gen. Gilmore. Six thousand bales of cotton destroyed. Ammunition stored in the railroad depot exploded, and many lives were lost. Gen. Gilmore hoisted the old flag over Fort Sumter.

19th.—Fort Anderson, N. C., taken.

21st.—Fort Armstrong, N. C., taken.

22d.—Wilmington captured by Gen. Schofield.

23d.—Raleigh, N. C., captured. Governor Vance captured.

March 1861.

4th.—Inauguration of Lincoln, President of the United States.

6th.—Fort Brown on the Rio Grande, was surrendered by special agreement. The Federal troops evacuated the fort and sailed for Key West and Tortugas.

March 1862.

1st.—Fight at Pittsburg Landing between two Union gunboats and a Confederate battery.

8th.—Battle of Pea Ridge. Total defeat of the enemy. Union loss was 212 killed and 920 wounded. The Confederate steamers, Merrimac, Jamestown and Yorktown, attacked the Federal fleet at Hampton Roads, destroying the Cumberland and Congress, and damaging several other vessels.

9th.—Battle between the Confederate iron-clad, Merrimac, and the Federal floating battery, Monitor; the former compelled to retire. This—the first contest between iron-clads which the world had ever seen—was studied by the naval departments of all civilized powers, and a reaction took place against wooden vessels.

11th.—Gen. McClellan took command of the army of the Potomac; Gen. Fremont, of the Mountain department; Gen. Halleck, of the department of the Mississippi.

12th.—The Confederates driven from their works at Paris, Tenn.

13th.—The Confederates evacuated their works at New Madrid, Mo., in such haste as to leave 25 pieces of artillery and a large quantity of military stores valued at \$1,000,000.

14th.—Gen. Burnside attacked the Confederates in their fortification at Newbern, N. C. After a fight of four hours, the enemy retreated, leaving a large quantity of ammunition, provisions and stores in the hands of the victors. The Union loss was 91 killed and 466 wounded.

16th.—Commodore Foote commenced the attack on Island No. 10. Confederates defeated at Cumberland Mountain, Ky.

18th.—Confederate fortifications at Acquia Creek evacuated.

Confederates defeated at Salem, Ark.

23d.—Battle of Winchester, Va. The Confederates were defeated and retreated to Strasburg, leaving their dead and wounded upon the field. The Union loss was 103 killed and 466 wounded.

28th.—Fight at Pigeon Ranch, between 3,000 Union troops under Col. Hough, and 1,100 Texans. The battle was a drawn one.

March 1863.

7th.—Gen. Minty attacked a Confederate cavalry force at Unionville, Tenn., capturing their wagons, horses, and tents, and about 60 prisoners.

9th.—A band of Confederate cavalry passed through the Union lines, entered Fairfax, Va., and captured Gen. Stoughton and a few privates.

17th.—Two hundred cavalry under command of Gen. Averill crossed the Rappahannock near Kelly's Ford, where but a single horseman could cross at once, and in the face of a most terrible fire from sharpshooters charged the Confederates in their entrenchments, killing or capturing nearly the whole force. They then encountered Stuart's cavalry, and after a desperate hand-to-hand encounter for five hours, routed them with great slaughter, capturing 80 prisoners.

20th.—John Morgan with 4,000 men was totally defeated near Milton, Tenn., by Col. Hall with 1,400 mounted men.

The negro brigade took Jacksonville, Florida.

Major-General Burnside appointed to command the department of the Ohio.

3d MONTH.

MARCH. 1879.

31 DAYS.

MOON'S PHASES.		BOSTON.		NEW YORK.		WASHINGTON.		CHARLESTON.		CHICAGO.	
	D.	H.	M.	H.	M.	H.	M.	H.	M.	H.	M.
First Quarter.....	1	3	14 morn.	3	2 morn.	2	50 morn.	2	38 morn.	2	8 morn.
Full Moon.....	8	8	25 morn.	8	13 morn.	8	1 morn.	7	49 morn.	7	19 morn.
Third Quarter.....	14	10	57 eve.	10	45 eve.	10	33 eve.	10	21 eve.	9	51 eve.
New Moon.....	22	4	20 eve.	4	8 eve.	3	50 eve.	3	44 eve.	3	14 eve.
First Quarter.....	30	8	21 eve.	8	9 eve.	7	57 eve.	7	45 eve.	7	15 eve.

Day of Month.	Day of Week.	CALENDAR FOR Boston; New Eng- land, New York State, Michigan, Wisconsin, Iowa & Oregon.			CALENDAR FOR New York City; Phil- adelphia, Connec- ticut, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana & Illinois.		
		SUN RISES.	SUN SETS.	MOON SETS.	SUN RISES.	SUN SETS.	MOON SETS.
1	Sat	6 35	5 50	1 40	6 34	5 51	1 33
2	Sun	6 31	5 51	2 35	6 32	5 52	2 29
3	Mon	6 32	5 52	3 25	6 31	5 53	3 18
4	Tues	6 30	5 53	4 7	6 29	5 55	4 2
5	Wed	6 29	5 55	4 43	6 28	5 56	4 39
6	Thur	6 27	5 56	5 14	6 26	5 57	5 12
7	Fri	6 25	5 57	rises.	6 25	5 58	rises.
8	Sat	6 24	5 58	6 32	6 23	5 59	6 32
9	Sun	6 22	5 59	7 50	6 21	6 0	7 49
10	Mon	6 20	6 1	9 10	6 20	6 1	9 7
11	Tues	6 19	6 2	10 30	6 18	6 2	10 26
12	Wed	6 17	6 3	11 48	6 16	6 3	11 42
13	Thur	6 15	6 4	morn.	6 15	6 5	morn.
14	Fri	6 14	6 5	0 59	6 13	6 6	0 53
15	Sat	6 12	6 6	2 1	6 11	6 7	1 54
16	Sun	6 10	6 7	2 51	6 10	6 8	2 45
17	Mon	6 8	6 9	3 31	6 8	6 9	3 26
18	Tues	6 7	6 10	4 3	6 6	6 10	4 0
19	Wed	6 5	6 11	4 30	6 5	6 11	4 27
20	Thur	6 3	6 12	4 53	6 3	6 12	4 51
21	Fri	6 1	6 13	5 14	6 1	6 13	5 14
22	Sat	6 0	6 14	sets.	6 0	6 14	sets.
23	Sun	5 58	6 15	7 23	5 58	6 15	7 21
24	Mon	5 56	6 17	8 25	5 57	6 16	8 22
25	Tues	5 54	6 18	9 27	5 55	6 17	9 22
26	Wed	5 53	6 19	10 28	5 53	6 18	10 23
27	Thur	5 51	6 20	11 29	5 52	6 19	11 23
28	Fri	5 49	6 21	morn.	5 50	6 20	morn.
29	Sat	5 47	6 22	0 25	5 48	6 21	0 19
30	Sun	5 46	6 23	1 17	5 47	6 22	1 10
31	Mon	5 44	6 25	2 1	5 45	6 24	1 55

March 1864.

8th. — Gen. Grant was formerly presented by the President with his commission as Lieutenant-General, and on the 12th was assigned to the command of the armies of the United States.

15th. — The Union forces under General A. J. Smith captured Fort De Russey, Louisiana, on Red river, with 325 prisoners and an immense amount of ammunition and stores.

March 1865.

2d. — Gen. Sheridan fought and captured the Confederate General Early, with 1,800 men, between Staunton and Charlottesville.

4th. — Inauguration of Abraham Lincoln and Andrew Johnson, as President and Vice-President of the United States.

10th. — Gen. Bragg attacked Gen. Cox near Kingston, N. C., but was defeated.

Gen. Sherman occupied Fayetteville, N. C.

13th. — Gen. Schofield occupied Kingston.

16th. — Confederate Gen. Hardee defeated at Averysboro, N. C.

19th. — Confederate Gen. Johnson defeated at Bentonville, N. C.

21st. — Goldsboro, N. C., occupied.

25th. — Confederates attack Gen. Grant and get severely defeated.

April 1861.

7th. — All intercourse between Fort Sumter and Charleston stopped by order of Beauregard.

12th. — Bombardment of Fort Sumter commenced by the Confederates.

13th. — The bombardment of Fort Sumter continued; early in the day the officers' quarters were fired by a shell; by noon most of the wood work was on fire; Sumter's fire was almost silenced when Gen. Wigfall came with a flag of truce, and arrangements were made for evacuating the fort.

An overbearing barrister, endeavoring to brow-beat a witness, told him he could plainly see a rogue in his face. "I never knew it till now," said the witness, "that my face was a looking-glass."

April 1861.—CONTINUED.

14th. — Major Anderson and his men sailed for New York.

18th. — U. S. Arsenal at Harper's Ferry destroyed by Lieut. Jones, to prevent its falling into the hands of the enemy. Col. Coke, with 400 men of the 25th Pennsylvania regiment arrived in Washington. These were the first troops to enter the city for its defence.

19th. — Steamer *Star of the West* seized by the Confederates at Indianola, Texas.

The 6th Massachusetts regiment, while passing through Baltimore, was attacked by a mob; two soldiers were killed. The troops fired upon the mob, killing 11 and wounding many. President Lincoln issued a proclamation declaring the ports of South Carolina, Florida, Georgia, Mississippi, Louisiana and Texas in a state of blockade.

20th. — The U. S. Arsenal at Liberty, Mo., seized by the secessionists, and the arms distributed among the surrounding counties. The Gosport Navy Yard destroyed by Gen. McCauley, to keep it from the Confederates; the war vessels Delaware, Pennsylvania, Columbia, Germantown, Merrimac, Raritan, Dolphin, and United States, were scuttled and set on fire; the Cumberland was towed out.

22d. — U. S. Arsenal at Fayetteville, N. C., seized by the Confederates.

24th. — Fort Smith, Arkansas, seized by the Confederates under Senator Boland.

25th. — Major Libby surrendered 450 U. S. troops to the Confederate Col. Van Dorn, at Salati, Texas.

29th. — The Maryland House of Delegates voted against secession, 63 to 13.

April 1862.

6th. — Battle of Shiloh. The Confederates under Gens. Johnson and Beauregard attacked Gen. Grant's army at Pittsburgh Landing. The Union forces were driven back to the river and a number of prisoners captured.

7th. — The battle of Shiloh renewed. Gen. Buell arrived during the night with reinforcements. The battle lasted throughout the day with varied success, but the Confederates were finally defeated and driven to their fortifications at Corinth. The Federal loss was 1,614 killed,

7,721 wounded, and 3,956 missing. The Confederate Gen. Johnson was killed.

8th. — Island No. 10 captured; 5,000 prisoners, 100 siege guns, 24 pieces field artillery, 5,000 stands of small arms, 2,000 hogsheads of sugar, and a large quantity of clothing, tents, and ammunition.

11th. — Fort Pulaski, commanding the entrance to Savannah, surrendered after a bombardment of thirty hours. Gen. Mitchell occupied Huntsville, Ala., taking 200 prisoners, 15 locomotives, and a large number of cars. Congress passed the bill abolishing slavery in the District of Columbia.

12th. — Gen. Mitchell captured 2,000 prisoners at Chattanooga.

18th. — The Confederates attacked General Smith's division at Yorktown, but were repulsed.

19th. — Fight between Gen. Burnside's troops and the enemy near Elizabeth City, N. C. The latter were defeated. Union loss, 11 killed. Gen. Reno, with 2,000 Union troops, defeated the enemy at Camden, N. C.

25th. — Com. Farragut arrived at New Orleans, and took possession of the city. Fort Macon, Georgia, surrendered after a bombardment of eleven hours. Gen. C. F. Smith died at Savannah, Tennessee.

28th. — Forts Jackson and St. Philip surrendered.

29th. — Gen. Mitchell defeated the Confederates at Bridgeport, Ala.

April 1863.

6th. — Gen. Mitchell, with 300 cavalry, dashed into a Confederate camp near Nashville, on a sabre charge, capturing 5, killing 15, and capturing all their tents, arms, horses, and equipments.

7th. — Attack on Charleston. The Federal fleet was composed of nine iron-clad vessels under the command of Commodore Dupont. The fight began in the afternoon of April 7, and lasted about two hours. The *Keokuk* was so badly damaged that she sunk in a few hours. Several other vessels were temporarily disabled. The fleet was then withdrawn.

10th. — Gen. Van Dorn's forces attacked Gen. Granger at Franklin, Tenn., and were driven back with loss.

4th MONTH.

APRIL, 1879.

30 DAYS.

MOON'S PHASES.		BOSTON.		NEW YORK.		WASHINGTON.		CHARLESTON.		CHICAGO.	
	D.	H. M.		H. M.		H. M.		H. M.		H. M.	
Full Moon.....	6	5 40 eve.		5 28 eve.		5 16 eve.		5 4 eve.		4 34 eve.	
Third Quarter.....	13	9 25 morn.		9 13 morn.		9 1 morn.		8 49 morn.		8 19 morn.	
New Moon.....	21	9 11 morn.		8 59 morn.		8 47 morn.		8 35 morn.		8 5 morn.	
First Quarter.....	30	9 32 morn.		9 20 morn.		9 8 morn.		8 56 morn.		8 26 morn.	

Day of Month.	Day of Week.	CALENDAR FOR Boston; New Eng- land, New York State, Michigan, Wisconsin, Iowa & Oregon.			CALENDAR FOR New York City; Phil- adelphia, Connec- ticut, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana & Illinois.		
		SUN RISES.	SUN SETS.	MOON SETS.	SUN RISES.	SUN SETS.	MOON SETS.
		H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.
1	Tues	5 42	6 26	2 39	5 43	6 25	2 33
2	Wed	5 41	6 27	3 11	5 42	6 26	3 8
3	Thur	5 39	6 28	3 40	5 40	6 27	3 38
4	Fri	5 37	6 29	4 6	5 38	6 28	4 5
5	Sat	5 35	6 30	4 31	5 37	6 29	4 32
6	Sun	5 34	6 31	rises.	5 35	6 30	rises.
7	Mon	5 32	6 32	8 3	5 34	6 31	7 59
8	Tues	5 30	6 33	9 24	5 32	6 32	9 19
9	Wed	5 29	6 35	10 42	5 30	6 33	10 35
10	Thur	5 27	6 36	11 50	5 29	6 34	11 43
11	Fri	5 25	6 37	morn.	5 27	6 35	morn.
12	Sat	5 24	6 38	0 46	5 26	6 36	0 40
13	Sun	5 22	6 39	1 31	5 24	6 37	1 25
14	Mon	5 20	6 40	2 6	5 22	6 38	2 1
15	Tues	5 19	6 41	2 34	5 21	6 39	2 31
16	Wed	5 17	6 42	2 58	5 19	6 40	2 56
17	Thur	5 16	6 44	3 20	5 18	6 41	3 19
18	Fri	5 14	6 45	3 40	5 16	6 42	3 40
19	Sat	5 12	6 46	4 0	5 15	6 43	4 2
20	Sun	5 11	6 47	4 21	5 13	6 44	4 24
21	Mon	5 9	6 48	sets.	5 12	6 45	sets.
22	Tues	5 8	6 49	8 22	5 11	6 46	8 16
23	Wed	5 6	6 50	9 22	5 9	6 47	9 16
24	Thur	5 5	6 51	10 20	5 8	6 48	10 13
25	Fri	5 3	6 52	11 12	5 6	6 49	11 6
26	Sat	5 2	6 54	11 57	5 5	6 51	11 52
27	Sun	5 0	6 55	morn.	5 4	6 52	morn.
28	Mon	4 59	6 56	0 37	5 2	6 53	0 31
29	Tues	4 58	6 57	1 10	5 1	6 54	1 6
30	Wed	4 56	6 58	1 38	5 0	6 55	1 36

April 1863. — CONTINUED.

17th. — Gen. Banks' command left Baton Rouge, fought three battles, two on land and one on Grand Lake, capturing 2,000 prisoners. Our loss was 700.

Six vessels of Porter's fleet ran by the Confederate batteries at Vicksburg.

18th. — Fayetteville, Ark., attacked by 3,000 Confederates with four pieces of artillery; Union forces numbered but 2,000. The Confederates were repulsed. Our loss was 5 killed and 17 wounded.

22d. — The ram, Queen of the West, was captured in Grand Lake, with Capt. Fuller and all her officers and crew, numbering 90.

30th. — Col. Mulligan repulsed by the Confederates at Fairmont, West Va., and the B. & O. R. R. bridges blown up at Fairmont and Cheat river.

April 1864.

8th. — The advance of Gen. Banks' expedition up Red river, under the direction of Gen. Stone, was repulsed near Shreveport, La.; but on the following day our men defeated the enemy. Our loss was about 2,000 and the enemy's the same.

12th. — Gen. Forrest captured Fort Pillow, and immediately after commenced an indiscriminate massacre of our wounded soldiers, both colored and white, not excepting women and children who had taken refuge in the fort.

April 1865.

1st. — Victory of Five Forks, Va.

2d. — Lee's lines at Petersburg carried.

3d. — Richmond taken.

9th. — Surrender of Gen. Lee and his whole army at Appomattox Court House, Va.

12th. — The Union flag hoisted at Ft. Sumter. Mobile, Ala., captured.

What military order is like a lady crossing the street on a wet day? — Dress up in front, and close up in the rear.

April 1865.—CONTINUED.

14th.—President Lincoln shot by J. Wilkes Booth, in Ford's theatre, Washington; Mr. Seward and his son wounded.

15th.—Death of President Lincoln. Vice-President Johnson sworn in as President of the United States.

26th.—Gen. Johnson surrendered.

May 1861.

1st.—President Lincoln called for 42,000 three years volunteers; 22,000 troops for the regular army, and 18,000 seamen.

4th.—Gen. McClellan placed in command of the department of Ohio, comprising the States of Ohio, Indiana and Illinois.

5th.—Gen. Butler took possession of the Relay House, Maryland.

11th.—Blockade of Charleston, S. C. established, by the steamer Niagara.

16th.—General Scott ordered the fortification of Arlington Heights.

18th.—Military Department of Virginia created, comprising Eastern Virginia, North and South Carolina; headquarters at Fortress Monroe; commander, General Butler.

22d.—Fortifications of Ship Island destroyed to keep them from the enemy.

24th.—Thirteen thousand troops crossed the Potomac into Virginia. Alexandria occupied by Federal troops. Col. Ellsworth shot by Jackson; the murderer was instantly killed. Arlington Heights occupied by Union troops.

26th.—The Port of New Orleans was blockaded by the sloop-of-war Brooklyn. All postal service in the seceded States suspended.

May 1862.

3d.—The Confederates evacuated Yorktown, Jamestown, and Mulberry and Gloucester Islands, leaving ammunition, camp equipage, and 100 guns behind.

5th.—Battle of Williamsburgh, Va. The Union troops were commanded by Gens. Hancock and Hooker. The Confederates were defeated, and retreated in the night towards Richmond.

7th.—Battle of West Point, Va. Gens. Franklin and Sedgwick, with a force of 20,000 men, were attacked by Gen. Lee. The Confederates were

defeated. Union loss about 300 killed and wounded.

8th.—Gen. Milroy attacked the enemy at McDowell's, Va. After a fight of five hours he was forced to withdraw.

9th.—The Confederates evacuated Pensacola, and destroyed the Navy Yard.

10th.—The Federal forces took possession of Norfolk, Va. Gosport Navy Yard destroyed by the Confederates. Gunboat fight on the Mississippi, near Fort Wright; the Confederates were repulsed, losing two vessels.

11th.—The Confederates blow up their iron-clad, Merrimac, to prevent its capture by the enemy.

12th.—Natchez, Miss., surrendered to Com. Farragut.

16th.—The Union Gunboats repulsed at Fort Darling.

17th.—Confederates driven across the Chickahominy, at Bottom Bridge.

23d.—Confederates defeated at Lewisburg, Virginia.

24th.—Col. Kenley, commanding the Federal troops at Front Royal, Va., was attacked by a large force of the enemy and defeated with a heavy loss.

25th.—General Banks defeated at Winchester, Va., and driven across the Potomac.

27th.—Confederates defeated at Hanover, Va. Union loss, 35 killed and 220 wounded.

29th.—Confederates evacuated Corinth, Miss.

31st.—The Confederates Under Gen. Johnson attacked the left wing of the Army of the Potomac, commanded by General Casey, at Fair Oaks. Union forces were driven back.

Corinth taken.

May 1863.

1st.—Gen. Carter with 5,000 men attacked the Confederate forces at Monticello, under Pegram, driving them from the field.

Battle of Port Gibson. Gen. Grant defeated Gen. Bowen, with a loss of 1,550 men and 5 pieces of artillery.

2d.—On the morning of the 17th of April, 1863, the 6th and 7th Illinois cavalry, 900 strong, under command of Col. Grierson, of the 6th Illinois, set out from Lagrange, Tenn., marched

5th MONTH.

MAY, 1879.

31 DAYS.

MOON'S PHASES.		BOSTON.	NEW YORK.	WASHINGTON.	CHARLESTON.	CHICAGO.
	D.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.
Full Moon.....	6	1 28 morn.	1 16 morn.	1 4 morn.	0 52 morn.	0 22 morn.
Third Quarter.....	12	9 52 eve.	9 40 eve.	9 28 eve.	9 16 eve.	8 46 eve.
New Moon.....	21	1 6 morn.	0 54 morn.	0 42 morn.	0 30 morn.	0 1 morn.
First Quarter.....	28	6 52 eve.	6 40 eve.	6 28 eve.	6 16 eve.	5 46 eve.

Day of Month.	Day of Week.	CALENDAR FOR Boston; New Eng- land, New York State, Michigan, Wisconsin, Iowa & Oregon.			CALENDAR FOR New York City; Phil- adelphia, Connec- ticut, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana & Illinois.		
		SUN RISES.	SUN SETS.	MOON SETS.	SUN RISES.	SUN SETS.	MOON SETS.
		H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.
1	Thur	4 55	6 50	2 5	4 55	6 50	2 4
2	Fri	4 53	7 0	2 30	4 52	6 57	2 30
3	Sat	4 52	7 1	3 1	4 50	6 58	2 57
4	Sun	4 51	7 3	3 23	4 54	6 59	3 26
5	Mon	4 49	7 4	rises.	4 53	7 0	rises.
6	Tues	4 48	7 5	8 14	4 52	7 1	8 8
7	Wed	4 47	7 6	9 29	4 51	7 2	9 22
8	Thur	4 46	7 7	10 32	4 50	7 3	10 26
9	Fri	4 45	7 8	11 23	4 49	7 4	11 18
10	Sat	4 43	7 9	morn.	4 48	7 5	11 59
11	Sun	4 42	7 10	0 3	4 47	7 6	morn.
12	Mon	4 41	7 11	0 35	4 46	7 7	0 32
13	Tues	4 40	7 12	1 1	4 44	7 8	0 59
14	Wed	4 39	7 13	1 24	4 43	7 9	1 23
15	Thur	4 38	7 14	1 45	4 42	7 10	1 45
16	Fri	4 37	7 15	2 5	4 42	7 11	2 7
17	Sat	4 36	7 16	2 26	4 41	7 12	2 29
18	Sun	4 35	7 17	2 49	4 40	7 13	2 52
19	Mon	4 34	7 18	3 15	4 39	7 14	3 19
20	Tues	4 33	7 19	sets.	4 38	7 15	sets.
21	Wed	4 33	7 20	8 14	4 37	7 16	8 8
22	Thur	4 32	7 21	9 8	4 37	7 16	9 2
23	Fri	4 31	7 22	9 56	4 36	7 17	9 50
24	Sat	4 30	7 23	10 37	4 35	7 18	10 31
25	Sun	4 29	7 24	11 11	4 35	7 19	11 7
26	Mon	4 28	7 25	11 41	4 34	7 20	11 38
27	Tues	4 28	7 26	morn.	4 33	7 21	morn.
28	Wed	4 27	7 27	0 7	4 33	7 21	0 6
29	Thur	4 27	7 27	0 31	4 32	7 22	0 31
30	Fri	4 26	7 28	0 56	4 32	7 23	0 57
31	Sat	4 26	7 29	1 22	4 31	7 24	1 24

May 1863. — CONTINUED.

through the center of Mississippi, destroying as they went, railroads, bridges, and stores of all kinds belonging to the Confederates, in immense quantities. They reached Baton Rouge, La., on the evening of the 2d of May. They had traveled nearly 800 miles in 16 days. At several points the enemy made great attempts to capture them, but failed. They brought into Baton Rouge over 1,000 horses and a large number of cattle; 500 negroes followed them.

3d. — Battle of Fredericksburg. The second attempt to capture the Confederate fortifications at Fredericksburg, Va., was made by the army of the Potomac under Gen. Hooker, and failed. Severe skirmishing took place on Friday and Saturday, May 1 and 2, but the main battle was fought on Sunday, May 3, resulting in the defeat of the Federal troops. In the meantime General Sedgwick had crossed the Rappahannock and occupied Fredericksburg. He too was defeated and compelled to retire to the northern bank of the river. Hooker's army recrossed the river on the night of May 5. The loss on each side was about 15,000 killed, wounded, and prisoners. "Stonewall" Jackson mortally wounded.

While the fight was going on near Fredericksburg, Gen. Stoneman, with a large cavalry force, crossed the Rapidan east of Orange Court House, and made a bold and partially successful raid into the enemy's country.

8th. — Col. Streights command of 1,700 men captured by Forrest's cavalry, two miles from Cedar Bluff, Ga., after severe fighting.

9th. — Col. Jacobs routed a guerrilla force near Horse Shoe Bend, on the Cumberland river.

10th. — The Confederate General, Stonewall (Thos. J.) Jackson, died at Richmond, Va., of wounds and pneumonia.

12th. — Gen. McPherson attacked Raymond, Miss., and took the town after a hard fight.

"My dear doctor," said an Irishman, "it's no use your giving me an emetic; I tried it twice, and it would not stay on my stomach five minutes."

May 1863.—CONTINUED.

13th. — Grant defeated Joseph F. Johnston and captured Jackson, Miss., with 7 cannon and large quantities of military stores, besides 400 prisoners. The State capitol was destroyed by fire.

15th. — Battle of Baker's Creek, Miss. The Confederate army, under Gen. Pemberton, and the Union forces under Gen. Grant. About 25,000 men were engaged upon each side. The Confederates met with a disastrous defeat, losing 2,600 in killed and wounded, 200 men prisoners, and 29 pieces of artillery.

17th. — Battle of Big Black River. Grant again attacked Pemberton, and defeated him with a total loss of 2,600 men and 17 cannon.

18th. — Investment of Vicksburg by the Federals under Gen. Grant and Admiral Porter.

27th. — Gen. Banks commences the siege of the forts at Port Hudson, Miss.

May 1864.

6th. — Gen. Grant crossed the Rapidan, and Lee fell back towards Richmond. Battle of the Wilderness.

7th. — Grant still advances, driving Lee's forces before him.

8th. — Sherman occupied Dalton.

9th. — After three days' hard fighting, Lee's forces retreated, leaving 3,000 killed and 10,000 wounded on the field in possession of the Union army.

12th. — Battle of Spottsylvania. Union troops victorious. They capture 4,000 prisoners and 25 pieces of artillery.

13th. — Gen. Sheridan, with cavalry, reached the rear of the enemy near Hanover Junction, breaking two railroads, capturing several locomotives, and destroying Lee's depot for supplies at Beaver Dam, containing over 1,000,000 rations.

15th. — Sherman forced Johnson to evacuate Resaca, after two days' fighting.

Union defeat at Newmarket, Va.

23d. — Army of the Potomac flanked the Confederates under Lee, and forced them to evacuate their fortifications near Spottsylvania Court-house.

27th. — Grant crossed the Pamunkey, and occupied Hanover town.

28th. — Battle near Dallas, Ga.

May 1865.

4th. — Gen. Dick Taylor surrenders.

10th. — Jefferson Davis captured at Irwinville, 75 miles southwest of Macon, Ga., by the 4th Michigan cavalry, under Col. Pritchard, of Gen. Wilson's command; also, his wife, mother, Postmaster-General Regan, Col. Harrison, private secretary, Col. Johnson and other military characters.

24th. — Grand review of Gen. Sherman's army at Washington.

26th. — Kirby Smith surrendered. The last armed Confederate organization has succumbed.

31st. — Confederate General Hood and staff surrendered.

June 1861.

3. — Col. Kelly defeated the Confederates at Phillippi, Va., killing 15; Col. Kelly was severely wounded.

Gen. Beauregard arrived and assumed command of the Confederate forces at Manassas Junction, Va.

10th. — Battle of Big Bethel. Three regiments of Union troops, under the command of General Pierce, were defeated with a loss of 16 killed, among them Major Winthrop, and 41 wounded.

14th. — Confederates evacuated Harper's Ferry after destroying all available property.

15th. — Brig Perry arrived at New York with the privateer Savannah.

17th. — Wheeling Convention unanimously declared Western Virginia independent of the Confederate portion of the State.

General Lyon defeated the Confederates at Booneville, Mo., with a loss of about 30 killed and 50 wounded; Union loss, 2 killed and 9 wounded.

20th. — Gen. McClellan assumed command in person of the army in Western Virginia.

24th. — The United States gunboat, Pawnee, attacked the Confederate battery at Mathias Point. A spy arrested at Washington, with full details of the number of troops and batteries, and best plan of attack on the city.

27th. — The steamers Pawnee, Resolute, and Freeborn, made a second attack on the Confederate battery at Mathias Point; Captain Ward, commanding the Federal force, was killed.

6th MONTH.

JUNE, 1879.

30 DAYS.

MOON'S PHASES.		BOSTON.	NEW YORK.	WASHINGTON.	CHARLESTON.	CHICAGO.
	D.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.
Full Moon.....	4	8 52 morn.	8 40 morn.	8 28 morn.	8 16 morn.	7 46 morn.
Third Quarter.....	11	0 12 eve.	12 0 noon.	11 48 morn.	11 36 morn.	11 6 morn.
New Moon.....	19	3 35 eve.	3 23 eve.	3 11 eve.	2 59 eve.	2 29 eve.
First Quarter.....	27	1 12 morn.	1 0 morn.	0 48 morn.	0 36 morn.	0 6 morn.

Day of Month.	Day of Week.	CALENDAR FOR Boston; New Eng- land, New York State, Michigan, Wisconsin, Iowa and Oregon.			CALENDAR FOR New York City; Phil- adelphia, Connec- ticut, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana & Illinois.		
		SUN RISES.	SUN SETS.	MOON SETS.	SUN RISES.	SUN SETS.	MOON SETS.
1	Sun	4 25 7 30	1 50		4 31 7 25	1 54	
2	Mon	4 25 7 31	2 24		4 30 7 25	2 29	
3	Tues	4 24 7 31	rises.		4 30 7 26	rises.	
4	Wed	4 24 7 32	8 13		4 30 7 27	8 6	
5	Thur	4 24 7 33	9 11		4 29 7 27	9 5	
6	Fri	4 23 7 34	9 58		4 29 7 28	9 53	
7	Sat	4 23 7 34	10 34		4 29 7 29	10 30	
8	Sun	4 23 7 35	11 2		4 28 7 29	11 0	
9	Mon	4 23 7 35	11 27		4 28 7 30	11 26	
10	Tues	4 23 7 36	11 49		4 28 7 30	11 48	
11	Wed	4 22 7 37	morn.		4 28 7 31	morn.	
12	Thur	4 22 7 37	0 9		4 28 7 31	0 10	
13	Fri	4 22 7 38	0 30		4 28 7 31	0 32	
14	Sat	4 22 7 38	0 52		4 28 7 32	0 55	
15	Sun	4 22 7 38	1 17		4 28 7 33	1 21	
16	Mon	4 22 7 39	1 45		4 28 7 33	1 50	
17	Tues	4 22 7 39	2 19		4 28 7 33	2 26	
18	Wed	4 22 7 39	2 59		4 28 7 34	3 6	
19	Thur	4 22 7 39	sets.		4 28 7 34	sets.	
20	Fri	4 23 7 40	8 37		4 28 7 34	8 31	
21	Sat	4 23 7 40	9 13		4 29 7 35	9 9	
22	Sun	4 23 7 40	9 45		4 29 7 35	9 41	
23	Mon	4 23 7 40	10 12		4 29 7 35	10 10	
24	Tues	4 23 7 41	10 36		4 29 7 35	10 35	
25	Wed	4 23 7 41	11 0		4 30 7 35	11 0	
26	Thur	4 24 7 41	11 24		4 30 7 35	11 25	
27	Fri	4 24 7 41	11 50		4 31 7 35	11 53	
28	Sat	4 24 7 41	morn.		4 31 7 35	morn.	
29	Sun	4 25 7 41	0 20		4 31 7 35	0 25	
30	Mon	4 25 7 41	1 1		4 32 7 35	1 7	

June 1862.

1st. — Battle of Fair Oaks was renewed. Confederates repulsed. Union loss, 890 killed, and 4,844 wounded.

6th. — After a naval battle, Memphis surrendered to the Union troops.

8th. — Battle of Cross Keys, Va., between Gen. Fremont's army and the Confederate army, commanded by Gen. Jackson. The latter were defeated.

16th. — Fight on James Island, near Charleston, S. C. Federals defeated.

17th. — Col. Fitch destroyed a Confederate battery at St. Charles, Ark. 125 were killed by an explosion on one of the Federal gunboats.

18th. — Union troops occupied Cumberland Gap.

26th. — General Pope assigned to the command of the army of Virginia. Commencement of the six days' fight before Richmond. The Confederates attacked McClellan's right wing at Mechanicsville. Battle undecided.

27th. — Bombardment of Vicksburg commenced. Gen. Fremont relieved of his command.

Battle before Richmond renewed; the Federals were driven back; loss heavy on both sides.

28th. — Incessant fighting all day between the right wing of the Union army on the Chickahominy and the left wing of the Confederates; the enemy were repulsed. In the evening the Unionists were ordered to fall back.

29th. — Battle before Richmond renewed by an attack on the Union forces at Peach Orchard; the Confederates were driven back, but late in the evening made another attack at Savage's Station. The fight continued until nine at night. The wounded fell into the hands of the enemy.

30th. — Battle of White Oak Swamp; heavy loss on both sides.

Why ought women to be employed in the post-office?—Because they understand how to manage the *males*.

June 1863.

23d. — Battle of Big Black River, Missouri. Confederates under Johnston attacked Osterhaus' division and were defeated with great slaughter.

25th. — Another fight at Liberty Cap, between a Confederate division under Clayborne, and Willich, Wilder and Carter's brigades. The Confederates fled in disorder.

26th. — Rear Admiral Foote died in New York City.

29th. — Gen. Hooker was relieved of his command of the army of the Potomac at his own request, and General Mead succeeded him.

June 1864.

3d. — Battle of Coal Harbor, in which the Confederates are routed; heavy loss.

5th. — Sherman flanked Johnson, and captured Ackworth Station.

7th. — Gen. Hunter defeats the Confederate General Jones, near Staunton, Virginia.

8th. — Morgan defeated by Gen. Burbridge, near Lexington, Ky.

12th. — Gen. Hancock drove the Confederates from Bottom Bridge at the point of the bayonet.

15th. — Gen. Smith attacked with a force of 15,000 men.

16th. — Battle of Lost Mountain, Georgia.

19th. — The Confederate cruiser Alabama sunk by the U. S. frigate Kearsage, in the English Channel.

23d. — Confederates attack Wright and Hancock, capturing three full regiments, after which they are repulsed.

27th. — Sherman made an unsuccessful attack on the enemy's position, losing from 1,000 to 3,000 men.

28th. — Left wing of Grant's army take possession of the Weldon railroad.

July 1861.

2d. — General Patterson defeated the Confederates at Falling Water, Va.; Union loss, 3 killed and 10 wounded.

5th. — Battle of Carthage, Mo. Confederates were commanded by Governor Jackson, the Federal troops, numbering 1,500, by Col Sigel. Colonel Sigel retreated to Springfield. Union loss, 14 killed and 31 wounded.

6th. — General Fremont appointed to the command of the Western Department, consisting of the State of Illinois and the States and territories west of the Mississippi and east of the Rocky Mountains. Headquarters at St. Louis.

10th. — Skirmishes at Laurel Hill, Virginia; Confederates defeated. Union loss, 2 killed and 2 wounded.

12th. — Battle of Rich Mountain. The Federal troops under command by Colonel Rosecrans, defeated the enemy under Colonel Pegram, Confederate loss, 150 killed and wounded, and 800 prisoners.

13th. — The Confederates, under Gen. Garnett, were defeated at Garrick's Ford, Virginia. The Confederate General Garnett was killed. Union loss, 2 killed and 10 wounded.

Battle of Screytown, Va. The Federals under Colonel Lowe were defeated with a loss of 9 killed and 40 wounded and missing.

16th. — Tilgram, a negro, killed three of a Confederate prize crew on the S. J. Warring, and brought the vessel into New York.

18th. — Fight at Blackburn Ford. The Federal troops under command of General Tyler made the attack, but after three hours's fighting, were ordered back to Centerville; their loss was 19 killed and 64 wounded and missing.

The department of Maryland created, and Gen. John A. Dix placed in command; headquarters at Baltimore.

19th. — Gen. Banks superseded Gen. Patterson; headquarters in the field.

21st. — Battle of Bull Run. The army of the Potomac, about 45,000 strong, under command of Brigadier General McDowell, which left Washington July 17th, attacked the Confederates, about equal in numbers, at Manassas, Va., where they occupied a strong position. The chances were at first in favor of the Federals, but the Confederates receiving large reinforcements under General Johnson, the scale was turned. Panic seized upon the Union troops, and they commenced a disorderly retreat towards Washington. The Union loss was, 481 killed, 1,011 wounded, 1,216 missing. Confederate loss, as reported by General Beauregard, 264 killed and 1,843 wounded.

7th MONTH.

JULY, 1879.

31 DAYS.

MOON'S PHASES.		BOSTON.		NEW YORK.		WASHINGTON.		CHARLESTON.		CHICAGO.	
	D.	H.	M.	H.	M.	H.	M.	H.	M.	H.	M.
Full Moon.....	3	4	54 eve.	4	42 eve.	4	30 eve.	4	18 eve.	3	48 eve.
Third Quarter.....	11	4	10 morn.	3	58 morn.	3	46 morn.	3	34 morn.	3	4 morn.
New Moon.....	19	4	22 morn.	4	10 morn.	3	58 morn.	3	46 morn.	3	16 morn.
First Quarter.....	26	5	52 morn.	5	40 morn.	5	28 morn.	5	16 morn.	4	46 morn.

Day of Month.	Day of Week.	CALENDAR FOR Boston; New Eng- land, New York State, Michigan, Wisconsin, Iowa & Oregon.			CALENDAR FOR New York City; Phil- adelphia, Connec- ticut, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana & Illinois.		
		SUN RISES.	SUN SETS.	MOON SETS.	SUN RISES.	SUN SETS.	MOON SETS.
		H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.
1	Tues	4 27 7	41	1 44	4 32 7	35	1 51
2	Wed	4 27 7	41	2 42	4 33 7	35	2 49
3	Thur	4 28 7	40	rises.	4 33 7	35	rises.
4	Fri	4 28 7	40	8 29	4 34 7	34	8 24
5	Sat	4 29 7	40	9 1	4 35 7	34	8 58
6	Sun	4 30 7	40	9 28	4 35 7	34	9 26
7	Mon	4 30 7	39	9 51	4 36 7	34	9 50
8	Tues	4 31 7	39	10 13	4 36 7	33	10 13
9	Wed	4 32 7	38	10 37	4 37 7	33	10 35
10	Thur	4 32 7	38	10 55	4 38 7	33	10 58
11	Fri	4 33 7	37	11 18	4 38 7	32	11 22
12	Sat	4 34 7	37	11 45	4 39 7	32	11 50
13	Sun	4 35 7	36	morn.	4 40 7	31	morn.
14	Mon	4 35 7	36	0 17	4 41 7	31	0 23
15	Tues	4 36 7	35	0 56	4 41 7	30	1 3
16	Wed	4 37 7	35	1 43	4 42 7	29	1 55
17	Thur	4 38 7	34	2 38	4 43 7	29	2 52
18	Fri	4 39 7	33	sets.	4 44 7	28	sets.
19	Sat	4 40 7	32	7 47	4 45 7	27	7 43
20	Sun	4 41 7	32	8 16	4 46 7	27	8 13
21	Mon	4 42 7	31	8 41	4 46 7	26	8 40
22	Tues	4 43 7	30	9 5	4 47 7	25	9 5
23	Wed	4 43 7	29	9 29	4 48 7	24	9 31
24	Thur	4 44 7	28	9 54	4 49 7	24	9 57
25	Fri	4 45 7	27	10 23	4 50 7	23	10 27
26	Sat	4 46 7	26	10 58	4 51 7	22	11 3
27	Sun	4 47 7	25	11 39	4 52 7	21	11 45
28	Mon	4 48 7	24	morn.	4 53 7	20	morn.
29	Tues	4 49 7	23	0 31	4 54 7	19	0 38
30	Wed	4 50 7	22	1 33	4 55 7	18	1 40
31	Thur	4 51 7	21	2 43	4 56 7	17	2 49

July 1862.

1st. — Battle of Malvern Hill, and last of the Richmond battles. The Confederates were repulsed at every point.

The Union loss during the six day's fighting before Richmond was 1,561 killed, 7,701 wounded and 5,958 missing.

President Lincoln calls for 300,000 additional volunteers.

11th. — Gen. Halleck appointed commander of all the land forces of the United States.

13th. — Fight at Murfreesboro, Tenn; Union troops surrendered.

General Morgan captured Lebanon, Kentucky, burned part of the town and robbed the bank.

19th. — Severe skirmish at Memphis, Tennessee; Union loss, 6 killed and 32 wounded.

22d. — The siege of Vicksburg abandoned.

28th. — Confederates defeated at More's Hill, Mo.

July 1863.

1st. — Battle of Gettysburg, Penn. Gen. Meade attacked the Confederates near Gettysburg, and after a three day's battle drove them from the field, leaving 5,000 killed and wounded in our hands. Meade took 20,000 prisoners. Maj. Gen. Reynolds, commanding the first corps of the Union army was killed.

Rosecrans drove Bragg from Tullehoma.

4th. — Gen. Prentice defeated the Confederates under Holmes, at Helena, Ark.

The siege of Vicksburg by the Union army under Gen. Grant commenced May 18th and was pressed forward with vigor until July 4th, when Pemberton surrendered to Gen. Grant 27,000 prisoners, 132 cannon and 50,000 stand of arms.

8th. — In the month of May Gen. Banks invested Port Hudson. Two grand attacks were made by land and water on the 27th of May and 14th of June, in which portions of the enemy's

Vermonters live to a great age, as is well known. There are two men up there so old that they have forgotten who they are, and there are no neighbors living who can remember.

July 1863. — CONTINUED.

works were taken. At last, on the 8th of July, the commander, Major General Gardiner, surrendered with 7,000 prisoners, 60 cannon, and 10,000 stands of arms, to General Banks.

Morgan's raid into Indiana and Ohio; crossed the river into Harrison county, Ind., and marched rapidly through the southern part of the State into Ohio, committing numerous depredations. On the 18th he lost his artillery and 1,300 prisoners. With a mere fragment of his command he retreated to Columbiana county, Ohio, where, on the 20th, he surrendered to General Shackleford.

13-16th. — Riots take place in New York, Boston and other Union cities, in consequence of the enforcement of a conscription decree.

13th, 14th, 15th. — Draft riots in New York city. Mobs had possession of the city for three days. Offices where the draft was going on were demolished, and the buildings were burned. The mob directed their fury particularly against negroes, several of whom were murdered. The colored orphan asylum on Fifth Avenue was pillaged and burnt down. Collisions between the mob and military frequently occurred. Many persons were killed during the prevalence of the riot. The city paid above \$1,500,000 as indemnity for losses that occurred during the riot.

17th. — Gen. Sherman attacked Jackson, Miss., routed Johnson and occupied the city. Large stores were captured, and also 40 locomotives, and all the rolling stock of three railroads. Gen. Ransom captured Natchez with a large quantity of ammunition, 13 cannon, 2,000 head of cattle, and 4,000 hogsheads of sugar. A severe fight occurred on Elk Creek, Ark., between Gen. Blunt and the Confederate Gen. Cooper; the former was victorious. Union loss 40, that of the Confederates 184.

23d. — A gallant fight occurred near Manassas Gap, in which 800 men of Gen. Spinola's brigade utterly routed twice their number of Georgia and North Carolina troops, with 17 cannon.

Kentucky again invaded. Kit Carson with a part of the first New Mexico regiment, defeated the Navajoe Indians in a severe fight beyond Fort Canby.

July 1864.

5th. — The Confederates under Early invade Maryland.

13th-15th. — The Confederates under Gen. Forrest defeated in five different battles, near Pontotoc, Mo.

17th. — The Confederate army was driven within the fortifications at Atlanta.

20th. — The enemy assaulted Gen. Sherman's lines three times, but were repulsed each time with severe loss. General Averill defeated the enemy near Winchester, Va.

22d. — A great battle was fought before Atlanta, resulting in the complete defeat of the Confederates.

30th. — A mine containing six tons of powder, under a Confederate fort at Petersburg, exploded, destroying the fort and garrison.

Chambersburg, Penn., burned by the Confederates.

August 1861.

1st. — The Confederates retreated from Harper's Ferry to Leesburg.

2d. — General Lyon defeated the Confederates at Dug Spring, Missouri; Union loss, 8 killed and 30 wounded.

5th. — Commodore Alden bombarded Galveston, Texas.

7th. — The village of Hampton, Virginia, destroyed by the Confederates. The privateer, York, burned by the United States gunboat Union; crew taken prisoners.

10th. — Gen. Lyon with 5,000 troops attacked a Confederate force double that of his own at Wilson Creek, near Springfield, Mo. After a hard fight of six hours, Gen. Lyon being killed, the Union troops under the command of Col. Sigel and Major Sturgis, retired to Springfield.

14th. — Gen. Fremont declared martial law in St. Louis.

16th. — Gen. Wool took command at Fortress Monroe.

26th. — The 7th Ohio regiment, 900 strong, were surprised at Summerville, Virginia, but fought their way out with a loss of six officers. The Hatteras expedition sailed.

29th. — Capture of Forts Hatteras and Clark, N. C.; Confederate loss about 1,000; Federal loss none.

8th MONTH.

AUGUST, 1879.

31 DAYS.

MOON'S PHASES.		BOSTON.		NEW YORK.		WASHINGTON.		CHARLESTON.		CHICAGO.	
	D.	H. M.		H. M.		H. M.		H. M.		H. M.	
Full Moon.....	2	2 28 morn.		2 16 morn.		2 4 morn.		1 52 morn.		1 22 morn.	
Third Quarter.....	9	9 25 eve.		9 13 eve.		9 1 eve.		8 49 eve.		8 19 eve.	
New Moon.....	17	3 26 eve.		3 14 eve.		3 2 eve.		2 50 eve.		2 20 eve.	
First Quarter.....	24	10 28 morn.		10 16 morn.		10 4 morn.		9 52 morn.		9 22 morn.	
Full Moon.....	31	2 14 eve.		2 2 eve.		1 50 eve.		1 38 eve.		1 8 eve.	

Day of Month.	Day of Week.	CALENDAR FOR Boston; New Eng- land, New York State, Michigan, Wisconsin, Iowa & Oregon.						CALENDAR FOR New York City; Phil- adelphia, Connec- ticut, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana & Illinois.					
		SUN RISES.		SUN SETS.		MOON RISES.		SUN RISES.		SUN SETS.		MOON RISES.	
		H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.
1	Fri	4 52	7 20	rises.		4 56	7 16	rises.					
2	Sat	4 53	7 19	7 28		4 57	7 15	7 26					
3	Sun	4 54	7 18	7 53		4 58	7 14	7 52					
4	Mon	4 55	7 16	8 15		4 59	7 12	8 15					
5	Tues	4 57	7 15	8 36		5 07	7 11	8 38					
6	Wed	4 58	7 14	8 58		5 17	7 10	9 0					
7	Thur	4 59	7 13	9 22		5 27	7 9	9 24					
8	Fri	5 07	7 11	9 46		5 37	7 8	9 51					
9	Sat	5 17	7 10	10 16		5 47	7 6	10 22					
10	Sun	5 27	7 9	10 52		5 57	7 5	10 58					
11	Mon	5 37	7 11	11 35		6 7	7 4	11 42					
12	Tues	5 47	7 6	morn.		6 7	7 2	morn.					
13	Wed	5 57	4 0	26		6 7	1 0	33					
14	Thur	5 67	3 1	25		6 9	7 0	1 32					
15	Fri	5 77	2 2	31		6 10	6 58	2 36					
16	Sat	5 87	0 3	40		6 16	6 57	3 44					
17	Sun	5 96	59	sets.		6 16	6 56	sets.					
18	Mon	5 106	57	7 9		6 16	6 54	7 8					
19	Tues	5 116	56	7 34		6 16	6 53	7 34					
20	Wed	5 126	54	7 59		6 16	6 52	8 2					
21	Thur	5 136	52	8 27		6 16	6 50	8 31					
22	Fri	5 156	51	9 0		6 17	6 48	9 5					
23	Sat	5 166	49	9 39		6 18	6 47	9 45					
24	Sun	5 176	48	10 27		6 19	6 45	10 34					
25	Mon	5 186	46	11 25		6 20	6 44	11 32					
26	Tues	5 196	45	morn.		6 21	6 42	morn.					
27	Wed	5 206	43	0 31		6 22	6 41	0 37					
28	Thur	5 216	41	1 41		6 23	6 39	1 47					
29	Fri	5 226	40	2 53		6 24	6 38	2 58					
30	Sat	5 236	38	4 4		6 25	6 36	4 7					
31	Sun	5 246	36	rises.		6 26	6 34	rises.					

August 1862.

3d. — The Confederate General Jeff Thompson defeated near Memphis, Tennessee.

4th. — The Secretary of War ordered a draft of 300,000 men. The Confederate ram Arkansas destroyed by her crew.

5th. — Gen. Robert McCook murdered by the Confederates while wounded and riding in an ambulance. The Confederate General J. C. Breckenridge made an unsuccessful attack on Baton Rouge, La.

9th. — Confederates under General Jackson attacked General Banks at Cedar Mountain. The contest was short but severe. Gen. Banks held his position, while the enemy fell back two miles and did not renew the fight.

19th. — Gen. Wright placed in command of the department of the Ohio.

25th. — Confederates made an unsuccessful attack on Fort Donelson.

26th. — The Confederate General Ewell drove the Union troops from Manassas.

29th. — Battle of Gainesville or Groveton, Va. The battle was open by General Sigel early in the morning. Gens. Reno and Kearney arrived with reinforcements. The fight continued until 6 P. M., when the enemy retired.

30th. — Battle of Richmond, Ky. Union troops under General Manson defeated, with a loss of about 200 killed, 700 wounded, and 2,000 prisoners. Confederates defeated at Bolivar, Tenn.

Second battle of Bull Run. The Federal forces under General Pope defeated.

August 1863.

2d. — A severe though indecisive cavalry fight occurred at Culpepper, Va., between Buford and Stuart, in which 100 prisoners were captured by the Union troops.

One person asked another if he believed in the appearance of spirits? "No!" was the reply; but I believe in their disappearance. I have missed a bottle of brandy since last night."

August 1863. — CONTINUED.

7th. — President Lincoln rejects the demand for the suppression of the conscription in the State of New York.

17th. — Lieut. Col. Phillips of the 9th Illinois Mounted Infantry attacked the Confederate forces at Grenada, Miss., consisting of 2,000 men under command of Gen. Slimmer, and drove them from the place. He then destroyed all the ordnance and commissary stores, burnt the depot and machine shop, tore up the railroad track, and destroyed 57 locomotives and more than 400 cars.

20th. — The town of Lawrence, Kansas was surprised in the middle of the night by 300 guerrillas under the leadership of Quantrell. The town was set on fire and 182 buildings burned to the ground, and \$2,000,000 worth of property destroyed, 191 persons were killed, many of whom were helpless women and children; 581 were wounded, many of them mortally. About 80 of the murderers were killed.

22d. — Gen. Blunt with 4,500 men attacked Gen. Cooper with 11,000 Confederate troops in the Indian Territory and compelled him to retreat to Red River.

29th. — The Confederate army in Arkansas under General Price severely pushed by the Union forces under Gen. Steele.

August 1864.

5th. — Commodore Farragut's fleet passed Forts Morgan and Gaines. The Confederate ram Tennessee was captured and several other vessels destroyed. Shortly after Fort Gaines surrendered and Fort Powell was evacuated.

7th. — Gen. Averill defeated the enemy at Morefield, Va.

15th. — The Confederate Gen. Wheeler repulsed at Dalton, Ga.

18th. — The Weldon railroad seized by Gen. Grant.

23d. — Fort Morgan surrendered.

25th. — Gen. Hancock, who held the Weadon railroad south of Ream's Station, was attacked several times, but repulsed the enemy each time.

September 1861.

6th. — Gen. Grant took possession of Paducah, Ky.

10th. — Gen. Rosecrans with 4,500 troops attacked the Confederates under Floyd near Carnifex Ferry. After several hours' fighting, darkness put an end to the contest. During the fight Floyd retreated, burning the bridge over Gauley river.

12th. — Fight at Cheat Mountain. Col. J. A. Washington, proprietor of Mount Vernon, was killed. Union loss, 9 killed and 12 wounded.

21st. — John C. Breckenridge fled from Frankfort, Ky., and joined the Confederates. General Lane defeated a confederate force at Papinsville, Missouri. Federal loss, 17 killed.

23d. — Capture of Lexington, Missouri, by the Confederates, after a siege of four months.

September 1862.

1st. — Fight at Britton's Lane, Tenn. Confederates retired, leaving their dead on the field. Union loss, 5 killed, 78 wounded, and 92 missing.

Fight at Chantilly, Va. The Union troops were commanded by Gens. Hooker, Reno and Kearney. The Confederates retired, leaving their dead and wounded on the field. This was the last fight in which General Pope's army was engaged.

2d. — Gen. McClellan appointed to the command of the troops for the defense of Washington.

5th. — Confederates began crossing the Potomac into Maryland.

7th. — General Banks assigned to the command of the fortifications in and around Washington. General McClellan took the field at the head of the Army of the Potomac.

12th. — Fight at Middletown, Maryland. Union loss, 80 killed and wounded.

14th. — Gen. McClellan overtook the enemy at South Mountain, Md. A general engagement took place. The fight was severe, and the loss heavy on both sides, the Unionists losing 443 killed and 1,806 wounded. Gen. Reno was among the killed. The Confederates retreated towards the Potomac.

15th. — Harper's Ferry surrendered after two days' fighting, to the enemy, with all the garrison, consisting of 8,000 men.

9th MONTH.

SEPTEMBER, 1879.

30 DAYS.

MOON'S PHASES.		BOSTON.		NEW YORK.		WASHINGTON.		CHARLESTON.		CHICAGO.	
	D.	H. M.		H. M.		H. M.		H. M.		H. M.	
Third Quarter.....	8	3 20 eve.		3 8 eve.		2 56 eve.		2 44 eve.		2 14 eve.	
New Moon.....	16	1 13 morn.		1 1 morn.		0 49 morn.		0 37 morn.		0 7 morn.	
First Quarter.....	22	4 36 eve.		4 24 eve.		4 12 eve.		4 0 eve.		3 30 eve.	
Full Moon.....	30	4 33 morn.		4 21 morn.		4 9 morn.		3 57 morn.		3 27 morn.	

Day of Month.	Day of Week.	CALENDAR FOR Boston; New Eng- land, New York State, Michigan, Wisconsin, Iowa and Oregon.			CALENDAR FOR New York City; Phil- adelphia, Connec- ticut, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana & Illinois.		
		SUN RISES.	SUN SETS.	MOON RISES.	SUN RISES.	SUN SETS.	MOON SETS.
		H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.
1	Mon	5 25	6 35	6 40	5 27	6 33	6 41
2	Tues	5 26	6 33	7 2	5 28	6 31	7 3
3	Wed	5 27	6 31	7 27	5 29	6 30	7 29
4	Thur	5 28	6 30	7 49	5 30	6 28	7 53
5	Fri	5 29	6 28	8 17	5 31	6 26	8 22
6	Sat	5 30	6 26	8 50	5 32	6 25	8 56
7	Sun	5 31	6 24	9 29	5 33	6 23	9 36
8	Mon	5 33	6 23	10 16	5 34	6 21	10 23
9	Tues	5 34	6 21	11 11	5 35	6 20	11 18
10	Wed	5 35	6 19	morn.	5 36	6 18	morn.
11	Thur	5 36	6 17	0 13	5 37	6 16	0 19
12	Fri	5 37	6 16	1 20	5 38	6 15	1 25
13	Sat	5 38	6 14	2 29	5 39	6 13	2 33
14	Sun	5 39	6 12	3 41	5 40	6 11	3 44
15	Mon	5 40	6 10	sets.	5 41	6 10	sets.
16	Tues	5 41	6 8	6 0	5 42	6 8	6 2
17	Wed	5 42	6 7	6 29	5 43	6 6	6 31
18	Thur	5 43	6 5	7 0	5 44	6 4	7 5
19	Fri	5 44	6 3	7 38	5 45	6 3	7 44
20	Sat	5 45	6 1	8 24	5 46	6 1	8 31
21	Sun	5 46	6 0	9 20	5 47	5 59	9 27
22	Mon	5 47	5 58	10 24	5 48	5 58	10 31
23	Tues	5 49	5 56	11 33	5 49	5 56	11 39
24	Wed	5 50	5 54	morn.	5 50	5 54	morn.
25	Thur	5 51	5 53	0 44	5 51	5 53	0 49
26	Fri	5 52	5 51	1 53	5 52	5 51	1 57
27	Sat	5 53	5 49	3 1	5 53	5 49	3 3
28	Sun	5 54	5 47	4 6	5 54	5 47	4 7
29	Mon	5 55	5 45	rises.	5 55	5 46	rises.
30	Tues	5 56	5 44	5 28	5 56	5 44	5 31

September 1862. — CONTINUED.

17th. — Battle of Antietam, Md. This battle was fought on Antietam creek, near Sharpsburg; it began early in the morning and continued until evening. Armies each numbered 100,000 men. During the night the Confederates retreated, leaving 3,500 prisoners, 39 stands of colors and 13 guns in the hands of the victors. The Union loss was 2,010 killed, 9,416 wounded and 1,043 missing. The Confederate loss, 14,000.

18th. — The Confederates recrossed the Potomac into Virginia, having been in Maryland two weeks. Evacuated Harper's Ferry.

19th. — Gen. Rosecrans commenced an attack on the Confederate forces at Iuka, Miss. Confederates evacuated the place during the night. The Union loss was 135 killed and 527 wounded.

21st. — Gen. McCook recaptured Munfordsville, Ky.

President Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation issued.

27th. — Fight at Augusta, Ky. The Union garrison 120 strong surrendered after a gallant defense.

29th. — Nelson was shot by Gen. Jeff. C. Davis, at Louisville, Ky.

September 1863.

1st. — Gen. Blunt defeated the Confederate forces in Arkansas under Cooper and Cobell, and captured Fort Smith. The Confederates evacuate Little Rock.

4th. — Burnside occupied Knoxville, Tenn., and was hailed with delight by the inhabitants.

10th. — Gen. Burnside captured Cumberland Gap with 2,000 prisoners, and 14 pieces of artillery under command of Major General Frazer. Gen. Steele took possession of Little Rock, Ark.

19th. — Chickamauga. The battle was com-

At Chancellorville (I think it was) Col. Merrill had his hat hit by a rebel bullet two or three inches above his head. "Oh! Kernel," said Boyle, "Yere the lucky man wid yer hat." "What do you mean, Boyle?" "Mean is't! Faith an' ye're hat had been a little shorter ye'd been killed entirely."

September 1863. — CONTINUED.

menced by General Bragg in the morning and continued all day. At night both armies occupied nearly the same position that they did in the morning. On the next day the battle was renewed by the Confederates and lasted until dark. The Union army was defeated and driven back to Chattanooga. The Federal loss was about 1,800 killed, 9,500 wounded, and 2,500 prisoners.

September 1864.

1st. — Gen. Sherman defeated the enemy at Johnsboro, Ga.

2d. — The Federal troops took possession of Atlanta.

4th — Morgan's forces were routed at Greenville, Tennessee, and 100 of his men were captured, including his staff, and 75 of his men killed. General Gillem commanded the Union forces.

7th. — The Confederate General John Morgan was killed near Greenville, Tennessee.

A force of 2,000 Confederates defeated at Readyville, Tenn.

19th. — Gen. Sheridan gained a complete victory over the enemy in the Shenandoah valley.

22d. — Battle at Fisher's Hill, the Confederate army defeated.

October 1861.

3d. — Gen. Reynolds made an armed reconnaissance of the enemy's position at Greenbrier. The Confederates evacuated Lexington, Mo.

5th. — The steamer Monticello shelled the Confederates at Chicamacomico, under Barlow, and drove them to their boats.

7th. — The Confederate iron-clad steamer Merrimac made its first appearance within sight of Fortress Monroe.

9th. — Confederates made an attack on Santa Rosa Island, but were defeated. Union loss was 13 killed and 21 wounded.

Col. Geary, with 400 Pennsylvania troops crossed the Potomac at Harper's Ferry and captured 21,000 bushels of wheat.

11th. — Confederate steamer Theodore escaped from Charleston, S. C., with Mason and Slidell on board.

21st. — Fight at Fredericktown, Missouri. The Confederates defeated. Union loss, 6 killed and about 60 wounded.

Battle of Ball's Bluff. Union forces commanded by Col. Baker. Gen. Stone failed to cross the Potomac to his support, and after a severe fight, in which Col. Baker was killed, the Federals retreated. Union loss was 223 killed, 266 wounded and 455 prisoners, including 100 wounded.

Gen. Zollicoffer, with 6,000 Confederates, attacked the Unionists at Camp Wild Cap, Laurel county, Ky., and was repulsed. Union loss, 4 killed and 21 wounded.

22d. — Skirmish at Buffalo Mills, Mo. Confederates lost 17 killed and 90 prisoners.

25th. — General Kelly defeated the enemy at Romney, Virginia.

26th. — Gallant charge of Maj. Zagonyi, with 150 of Fremont's body guard, on a large force of Confederates near Springfield, Mo. The enemy was routed with a loss of 106 killed and 27 prisoners.

October 1862.

4th. — Battle of Corinth, Miss. The Confederates were defeated with a heavy loss. The Union loss was 315 killed and 1,802 wounded.

6th. — Confederates attacked General Palmer's brigade at Lavergne, Tenn., but were defeated.

8th. — Battle at Perryville, Ky. The advance of Buell's army was attacked at Perryville, Ky., by a superior force of the enemy under Gens. Jackson and Terrel. The Confederates retreated during the night. Union loss was over 3,000 killed and wounded.

10th. — The Confederate cavalry under Gen. Stuart entered Chambersburg, Pa., and captured a quantity of small arms and clothing.

18th. — The Confederate General, Morgan, occupied Lexington, Ky.

19th. — The Confederate General, Forrest, defeated near Gallatin, Tenn.

22d. — Gen. Blunt defeated the Confederates at Maysville, Ark., capturing all their artillery.

28th. — Gen. Herron defeated the Confederates near Fayetteville, Ark.

30th. — Gen. Rosecrans assumed command of the army of the Cumberland.

10th MONTH.

OCTOBER, 1879.

31 DAYS.

MOON'S PHASES.		BOSTON.		NEW YORK.		WASHINGTON.		CHARLESTON.		CHICAGO.	
	D.	H. M.		H. M.		H. M.		H. M.		H. M.	
Third Quarter.....	8	8 59 morn.		8 47 morn.		8 35 morn.		8 23 morn.		7 53 morn.	
New Moon.....	15	10 25 morn.		10 13 morn.		10 1 morn.		9 49 morn.		9 19 morn.	
First Quarter.....	22	1 35 morn.		1 23 morn.		1 11 morn.		0 59 morn.		0 29 morn.	
Full Moon.....	29	9 25 eve.		9 13 eve.		9 1 eve.		8 49 eve.		8 19 eve.	

Day of Month.	Day of Week.	CALENDAR FOR Boston; New Eng- land, New York State, Michigan, Wisconsin, Iowa & Oregon.			CALENDAR FOR New York City; Phil- adelphia, Connec- ticut, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana & Illinois.		
		SUN RISES.	SUN SETS.	MOON RISES.	SUN RISES.	SUN SETS.	MOON RISES.
		H.M.	H.M.	H. M.	H.M.	H.M.	H. M.
1	Wed	5 57	5 42	5 52	5 57	5 43	5 56
2	Thur	5 58	5 40	6 10	5 58	5 41	6 24
3	Fri	6 00	5 39	6 51	6 00	5 39	6 56
4	Sat	6 01	5 37	7 28	6 01	5 37	7 34
5	Sun	6 02	5 35	8 11	6 1	5 36	8 18
6	Mon	6 03	5 33	9 2	6 2	5 34	9 9
7	Tues	6 04	5 31	10 0	6 3	5 33	10 6
8	Wed	6 05	5 30	11 3	6 4	5 31	11 9
9	Thur	6 06	5 28	morn.	6 5	5 30	morn.
10	Fri	6 07	5 27	0 9	6 6	5 28	0 14
11	Sat	6 08	5 25	1 18	6 7	5 26	1 22
12	Sun	6 09	5 24	2 29	6 8	5 25	2 31
13	Mon	6 11	5 22	3 42	6 9	5 23	3 43
14	Tues	6 12	5 20	4 58	6 10	5 22	4 57
15	Wed	6 13	5 19	sets.	6 12	5 20	sets.
16	Thur	6 14	5 17	5 33	6 13	5 19	5 38
17	Fri	6 16	5 15	6 17	6 14	5 17	6 23
18	Sat	6 17	5 14	7 11	6 15	5 16	7 19
19	Sun	6 18	5 12	8 14	6 16	5 14	8 21
20	Mon	6 19	5 11	9 24	6 17	5 13	9 30
21	Tues	6 20	5 10	10 35	6 18	5 11	10 40
22	Wed	6 21	5 8	11 46	6 19	5 10	11 50
23	Thur	6 23	5	6 morn.	6 20	5 9	morn.
24	Fri	6 24	5	0 53	6 21	5 7	0 56
25	Sat	6 25	5 3	1 59	6 23	5 6	2 0
26	Sun	6 26	5 2	3 2	6 24	5 4	3 3
27	Mon	6 28	5	0 4 5	6 25	5 3	4 4
28	Tues	6 29	4 59	5 7	6 26	5 2	5 5
29	Wed	6 30	4 58	rises.	6 27	5	rises.
30	Thur	6 31	4 56	4 52	6 28	4 59	4 58
31	Fri	6 33	4 55	5 27	6 30	4 58	5 34

October 1863.

9th. — Wheeler's Confederate cavalry defeated with considerable loss at Farmington, Tennessee, and again near Shelbyville.

20th. — The department of the Cumberland and Mississippi were consolidated and placed under the command of General Grant.

October 1864.

5th. — The Confederates attacked Allatoona, Georgia, but were repulsed with a severe loss.

7th. — The pirate vessel Florida captured by the United States steamship Wachusett.

8th. — The Confederates in Shenandoah valley are again defeated by Sheridan.

19th. — Gen. Sheridan gained his fourth victory over the Confederates under Early at Cedar creek, Va.

23d. — The Confederate Gen. Price defeated at Blue River, Mo.

27th. — Engagement at Hatcher's Run.

28th. — Gen. Blunt defeated the Confederates under Price, at Neosho, Mo.

30th. — Gen. Hood made three attacks on Decatur, Alabama, but was repulsed each time.

31st. — Union troops recaptured Plymouth, N. C.

November 1860.

6th. — Abraham Lincoln, of Illinois, and Hannibal Hamlin, of Maine, elected President and Vice-President of the United States, by the votes of all the northern States except New Jersey, which chose 4 electors for Douglas, and 3 for Lincoln.

This election is made the pretext for rebellion and secession of the cotton States.

9th. — An attempt to seize the arms at Fort Moultrie.

An officer, in battle, happening to bow, a cannon-ball passed over his head, and took off that of the soldier who stood behind him. "You see," said he, "that a man never loses by politeness."

November 1861.

1st. — General Scott resigned as Commander-in-chief of the armies of the United States. Gen. McClellan was appointed in his place.

2d. — Gen. Hunter superseded Gen. Fremont in the command of the Western department.

7th. — The naval and military forces, under command of Commodore Dupont and General Sherman, captured Forts Walker and Beauregard, at Port Royal entrance. They also took possession of the town of Beaufort and Hilton Island. The Union loss was 8 killed and 25 wounded.

Gen. Grant, with a force of 2,800, attacked a Confederate camp at Belmont, Mo., driving the enemy out, destroying the camp and taking a quantity of arms; but, reinforcements arriving at Columbus, the Federals were compelled to retreat; their loss was 84 killed, 288 wounded, and 235 missing.

11th. — Guyandotte, Virginia, burned by the Unionists.

Gen. Halleck takes command of the Western department.

15th. — The U. S. frigate, San Jacinto, Capt. Wilkes, arrived at Fortress Monroe with Mason and Slidell, the Confederate commissioners to Europe, taken from the British mail steamer, Trent, Nov. 8.

21st. — The U. S. vessel, Santee, captured the privateer, Royal Yacht, off Galveston, Texas.

23d. — Fort Pickens, and the United States war vessels, Niagara and Colorado, bombarded the Confederate fortifications at Pensacola.

Port of Warrenton burnt.

30th. — Lord Lyons, the British minister at Washington, receives instructions from Earl Russell to leave America within seven days, unless the United States government consent to the unconditional liberation of Messrs. Mason and Slidell.

Jefferson Davis elected President of the Confederate States.

November 1862.

5th. — Gen. McClellan relieved of the command of the army of the Potomac, and General Burnside succeeds him.

11th. — Gen. Ransom defeated the Confederates under Woodward, near Garrettsburg, Ky.

17th. — A cavalry fight took place near Kingston, N. C.

28th. — Battle of Crane Hill, Ark. The Union army, numbering 1,000 men, was commanded by Gen. Blunt. The Confederates were defeated with a heavy loss, and retreated to Van Buren.

Battle Cry of Freedom

Yes, we'll rally round the flag, boys, we'll rally
once again,

Shouting the battle-cry of Freedom,
We will rally from the hill-side, we'll gather from
the plain,

Shouting the battle-cry of Freedom.

The Union for ever, Hurrah, boys, Hurrah!
Down with the traitor, Up with the star;
While we rally round the flag, boys, rally
once again,

Shouting the battle-cry of Freedom.

We are springing to the call of our brothers gone
before,

Shouting the battle-cry of Freedom,
And we'll fill the vacant ranks with a million
Freemen more.

Shouting the battle-cry of Freedom
Chorus.

We will welcome to our numbers the loyal, true
and brave,

Shouting the battle-cry of Freedom,
And although he may be poor, he shall never be
a slave,

Shouting the battle-cry of Freedom.
Chorus.

So we're springing to the call, from the East and
from the West,

Shouting the battle cry of Freedom.
And we'll hurl the rebel crew from the land we
love the best,

Shouting the battle-cry of Freedom.
Chorus.

11th MONTH.

NOVEMBER, 1879.

30 DAYS.

MOON'S PHASES		BOSTON	NEW YORK.	WASHINGTON.	CHARLESTON.	CHICAGO.
	D.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.
Third Quarter.....	7	1 11 morn.	0 59 morn.	3 0 47 morn.	0 35 morn.	0 5 morn.
New Moon.....	13	7 55 eve.	7 43 eve.	7 31 eve.	7 49 eve.	6 49 eve.
First Quarter.....	20	2 5 eve.	1 53 eve.	1 41 eve.	1 29 eve.	0 59 eve.
Full Moon.....	28	4 13 eve.	4 1 eve.	3 49 eve.	3 27 eve.	2 57 eve.

Day of Month.	Day of Week.	CALENDAR FOR Boston; New Eng- land, New York State, Michigan, Wisconsin, Iowa and Oregon.			CALENDAR FOR New York City; Phil- adelphia, Connec- ticut, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana & Illinois		
		SUN RISES.	SUN SETS.	MOON RISES.	SUN RISES.	SUN SETS.	MOON RISES.
1	Sat	6 34	4 54	6 10	6 31	4 57	6 16
2	Sun	6 35	4 52	6 57	6 32	4 56	7 4
3	Mon	6 36	4 51	7 47	6 33	4 54	7 50
4	Tues	6 37	4 50	8 53	6 34	4 53	8 55
5	Wed	6 39	4 49	9 56	6 35	4 52	10 1
6	Thur	6 40	4 48	11 2	6 36	4 51	11 6
7	Fri	6 41	4 46	morn.	6 38	4 50	morn.
8	Sat	6 43	4 45	0 10	6 39	4 49	0 12
9	Sun	6 44	4 44	1 19	6 40	4 48	1 20
10	Mon	6 45	4 43	2 31	6 41	4 47	2 31
11	Tues	6 46	4 42	3 46	6 43	4 46	3 44
12	Wed	6 48	4 41	5 4	6 44	4 45	5 1
13	Thur	6 50	4 40	sets.	6 45	4 44	sets.
14	Fri	6 51	4 39	4 55	6 46	4 43	5 1
15	Sat	6 53	4 38	5 56	6 47	4 42	6 3
16	Sun	6 54	4 37	7 4	6 48	4 41	7 12
17	Mon	6 55	4 37	8 19	6 50	4 41	8 25
18	Tues	6 56	4 35	9 33	6 51	4 40	9 37
19	Wed	6 57	4 34	10 44	6 52	4 39	10 46
20	Thur	6 58	4 34	11 51	6 53	4 39	11 53
21	Fri	7 0	4 33	morn.	6 54	4 38	morn.
22	Sat	7 1	4 32	0 56	6 55	4 37	0 56
23	Sun	7 2	4 32	1 58	6 56	4 37	1 57
24	Mon	7 3	4 31	3 0	6 58	4 36	2 58
25	Tues	7 5	4 30	4 1	6 59	4 36	3 59
26	Wed	7 6	4 30	5 3	7 0	4 35	4 59
27	Thur	7 7	4 30	6 4	7 1	4 35	5 59
28	Fri	7 8	4 29	rises.	7 2	4 34	rises.
29	Sat	7 9	4 29	4 54	7 3	4 34	5 1
30	Sun	7 10	4 29	5 47	7 4	4 34	5 54

November 1863.

5th. — Brownsville, Texas, captured.

25th. — The Confederate army, under Bragg, was badly whipped near Chattanooga, losing about 6,000 prisoners and 52 guns. The Union loss was between 3,000 and 4,000 in killed and wounded.

29th. — An unsuccessful attempt of the Confederates to carry Knoxville by storm.

November 1864.

3d. — The Confederate ram, Albermarle, destroyed by Lieut. Cushing.

8th. — McClellan resigns his command in the army.

16th. — Gen. Sherman left Atlanta and began his great march to the Atlantic.

30th. — General Hood attacked the Union troops under Gen. Schofield at Franklin, Tenn., but was repulsed with great loss.

November 1865.

9th. — Confederate privateer, Shenandoah, surrenders at Liverpool, having destroyed about 30 vessels; crew released.

10th. — Execution of Wirz, the Confederate prisoner-keeper, for cruelty to Union prisoners.

December 1860.

20th. — South Carolina secedes from the Union.

26th. — General Anderson evacuates Fort Moultrie, Charleston, and occupies Fort Sumter.

3d. — Congress met. The President denied the right of a State to secede, and asserted the right of the general government to coerce a seceding State.

A soldier in one of the Kentucky camps, during one of the cold nights, says the motto with them is: "United we sleep; divided we freeze?"

December 1861.

5th.—Engagement between the Confederate gunboats and Federal vessels at Cape Hatteras.

According to the reports of Secretaries of War and Navy, the Union forces numbered 640,537 volunteers, 20,334 regular soldiers, and 22,000 seamen.

9th.—The Confederate Congress passed a bill admitting Kentucky into the Southern Confederacy.

Freestone Point, Va., shelled by the National gunboats and captured.

13th.—Engagement at Camp Allegheny, Va., in which Gen. Milroy defeated the Confederates under Col. Johnson. Union loss, 21 killed and 107 wounded.

17th.—Fight at Munfordsville, Ky. Drawn battle. Union loss, 10 killed and 17 wounded.

General Pope captured 360 secessionists at Osceola, Mo.

18th.—Gen. Pope captured 1,300 Confederates, a number of horses and wagons, and 1,000 stand of arms at Milford, Mo. Union loss, 2 killed and 17 wounded. Stone fleet sunk in Charleston Harbor.

20th.—Battle of Gainesville, Va., in which the Confederates were defeated by the Union troops under Gen. McCall. Union loss, 7 killed and 61 wounded.

23d.—Troops despatched to Canada by the British government as a precaution against aggression by the U. S.

December 1862

7th.—Battle of Prairie Grove, Ark. The Union army was commanded by Gens. Blunt and Herron. The Confederates were defeated with heavy loss and retired during the night.

11th.—The city of Fredericksburgh bombarded by the Union troops, under cover of which they crossed the Rappahannock.

13th.—Battle of Fredericksburgh, Va. Confederate works were attacked by the Union troops in three divisions, under Sumner, Hooker and Franklin, who were repulsed. Federals lost 1,512 killed, 6,000 wounded and 100 prisoners.

14th.—Gen. Banks superseded Gen. Butler at New Orleans.

Kingdom Coming.

Say, darkeys, hab you seen de massa,
Wid de muffstash on his face,
Go long de road sometime dis mornin',
Like he gwine to leab de place?
He seen a smoke, way up de ribber,
Where de Linkum gumboats lay
He took his hat, an' lef berry sudden,
An' I spec he's run away!
De massa run? ha, ha!
De darkey stay? ho, ho!
It must be now de kingdom comin',
An' de year ob Jubilo!

He six foot one way, two foot tudder,
An' he way tree hundred pound,
His coat so big, he couldn't pay de tailor,
An' it won't go half way round.
He drill so much dey call him Cap'en
An' he get so drefful tann'd,
I spec he try an' fool dem Yankees
For to think he's contraband.
Chorus.

De darkeys feel so lonesome libing
In de log-house on de lawn,
Dey move dar tings to massa's parlor
For to keep it while he's gone.
Dar's wine an' cider in de kitchen,
An' de darkeys dey'll hab some;
I spose dey'll all be confiscated
When de Linkum sogers come.
Chorus

De oberseer he make us trouble,
An' he dribe us round a spell;
We lock him up in de smokehouse cellar,
Wid de key trown in de well.
De whip is lost, de han'-cuff broken,
But de massa'll hab his pay;
He's ole enough, big enough, ought to know
better
Dan to went an' run away.
Chorus.

12th MONTH.

DECEMBER, 1879.

31 DAYS.

MOON'S PHASES.		BOSTON.		NEW YORK.		WASHINGTON.		CHARLESTON.		CHICAGO.	
	D.	H.	M.	H.	M.	H.	M.	H.	M.	H.	M.
Third Quarter.....	6	2	59 eve.	2	47 eve.	2	35 eve.	2	23 eve.	1	53 eve.
New Moon.....	13	6	20 morn.	6	8 morn.	5	56 morn.	5	45 morn.	5	15 morn.
First Quarter.....	20	6	31 morn.	6	19 morn.	6	7 morn.	5	55 morn.	5	25 morn.
Full Moon.....	28	11	31 morn.	11	19 morn.	11	7 morn.	10	55 morn.	10	25 morn.

Day of Month.	Day of Week.	CALENDAR FOR Boston; New Eng- land, New York State, Michigan, Wisconsin, Iowa & Oregon.			CALENDAR FOR New York City; Phil- adelphia, Connec- ticut, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana & Illinois.		
		SUN RISES.		MOON RISES.	SUN RISES.		MOON RISES.
		H. M.	H. M.		H. M.	H. M.	
1	Mon	7 10	4 29	6 46	7 5	4 33	6 52
2	Tues	7 11	4 28	7 49	7 6	4 33	7 54
3	Wed	7 12	4 28	8 53	7 7	4 33	8 57
4	Thur	7 13	4 28	9 59	7 8	4 33	10 2
5	Fri	7 14	4 28	11 5	7 9	4 33	11 7
6	Sat	7 15	4 27	morn.	7 10	4 33	morn.
7	Sun	7 16	4 27	0 14	7 11	4 33	0 14
8	Mon	7 17	4 27	1 24	7 12	4 33	1 23
9	Tues	7 18	4 27	2 38	7 13	4 33	2 36
10	Wed	7 19	4 27	3 55	7 14	4 33	3 51
11	Thur	7 20	4 27	5 14	7 14	4 33	5 9
12	Fri	7 20	4 28	sets.	7 15	4 33	sets.
13	Sat	7 21	4 28	4 39	7 16	4 33	4 45
14	Sun	7 22	4 28	5 53	7 17	4 33	5 58
15	Mon	7 23	4 28	7 9	7 17	4 34	7 14
16	Tues	7 24	4 29	8 24	7 18	4 34	8 28
17	Wed	7 24	4 29	9 36	7 19	4 34	9 38
18	Thur	7 25	4 29	10 43	7 19	4 35	10 41
19	Fri	7 25	4 30	11 48	7 20	4 35	11 47
20	Sat	7 26	4 30	morn.	7 20	4 35	morn.
21	Sun	7 26	4 30	0 51	7 21	4 36	0 49
22	Mon	7 27	4 31	1 53	7 21	4 36	1 50
23	Tues	7 27	4 32	2 55	7 22	4 37	2 51
24	Wed	7 28	4 32	3 56	7 22	4 38	3 51
25	Thur	7 28	4 33	4 56	7 23	4 38	4 51
26	Fri	7 29	4 33	5 53	7 23	4 39	5 47
27	Sat	7 29	4 34	rises.	7 23	4 39	rises.
28	Sun	7 29	4 35	4 39	7 24	4 40	4 45
29	Mon	7 29	4 36	5 41	7 24	4 41	5 46
30	Tues	7 30	4 36	6 46	7 24	4 42	6 50
31	Wed	7 30	4 37	7 51	7 24	4 43	7 55

December 1862.—CONTINUED.

16th. — Gen. Burnside's army removed to the north side of the Rappahannock. Gen. Foster defeated the Confederates at White Hall, N. C.

17th. — The Union troops occupied Baton Rouge, La.

Gen. Foster defeated the Confederates at Goldsboro, N. C., destroying the railroad bridge.

19th. — The Confederates recaptured Holly Springs, Miss., taking the garrison prisoners.

23d. — The Confederates repulsed by Gen. Sigel at Dumphries, Va.

27th. — Gen. Sherman attacked the advance works of the enemy about 6 miles from Vicksburg at the same time the gunboats attacked the Confederate batteries on Haines' Bluff.

28th. — Second attack on Vicksburg. The Federals drove the Confederates from the first and second lines of defence, and advanced to within two and a half miles of Vicksburg.

Gen. Blunt entered Van Buren, Ark., capturing four steamboats laden with provisions.

29th. — The Confederates attacked Gen. Sherman with their whole force, and drove him back to the first lines of defence.

31st. — Battle of Murfreesboro, or Stone River. The Union army, numbering 45,000 men under Gen. Rosecrans. Gen. McCook's division was driven back four miles and lost 26 guns, but reinforcements being sent from the left and centre, the enemy was in turn repulsed and the lost ground regained.

December 1863.

4th. — Gen. Longstreet commenced the siege of Knoxville, Nov. 17th. On the 29th there was a severe fight, in which he was defeated. This, with the defeat of Bragg at Chattanooga, compelled Longstreet to raise the siege.

A young gentleman was fondling his betrothed's hand. "I hope it is not counterfeit," he said. "The best way to test it is to ring it," was her reply.

December 1864.

13th. — Fort McAllister captured by General Sherman's army.

16th. — General Thomas defeated the enemy at Nashville, Tennessee, with heavy loss, capturing a large number of guns and prisoners.

20th. — The Confederates, under Gen. Breckinridge, defeated in southwestern Virginia, and the salt works destroyed.

21st. — General Sherman entered the city of Savannah, capturing 150 cannon, 30,000 bales of cotton, and a large amount of munitions of war.

24th. — First bombardment of Fort Fisher.

29th. — Hood's army crossed the Tennessee river, thus ending the Tennessee campaign.

Just Before the Battle.

Just before the battle, mother,
I am thinking most of you;
While upon the field we're watching,
With the enemy in view.
Comrades brave are round me lying,
Filled with tho'ts of home and God;
For well they know that on the morrow,
Some will sleep beneath the sod.

CHORUS:

Farewell, mother, you may never
Press me to your heart again,
But, O, you'll not forget me, mother,
If I'm numbered with the slain.

Oh! I long to see you, mother,
And the loving ones at home;
But I'll never leave the banner,
Till in honor I can come.
Tell the traitors all around you,
That their cruel words we know
In every battle kill our soldiers,
By the help they give the foe.—CHORUS.

Hark! I hear the bugles sounding,
'Tis the signal for the fight;
How may God protect us, mother,
As He ever does the right.
Hear the battle cry of Freedom,
Now it swells upon the air;
Oh, yes we'll rally round the standard
Or we'll perish nobly there.—CHORUS.

Marching Through Georgia.

Bring the good old bugle, boys! we'll sing another
song —
Sing it with a spirit that will start the world
along —
Sing it as we used to sing it, fifty thousand
strong,
While we were marching through Georgia.

CHORUS:

Hurrah! Hurrah! we bring the Jubilee!
Hurrah! Hurrah! the flag that makes you free!
So we sang the chorus from Atlanta to the sea,
While we were marching through Georgia.

How the darkeys shouted when they heard the
joyful sound!
How the turkeys gobbled which our commissary
found!
How the sweet potatoes even started from the
ground,
While we were marching through Georgia.

CHORUS.

Yes, and there were Union men who wept with
joyful tears,
When they saw the honor'd flag they had not
seen for years;
Hardly could they be restrained from breaking
forth in cheers,
While we were marching through Georgia.

CHORUS.

"Sherman's dashing Yankee boys will never
reach the coast,"
So the saucy rebels said, 'twas a handsome boast,
Had they not forgot, alas! to reckon with the
host,
While we were marching through Georgia.

CHORUS.

So we made a thoroughfare for Freedom and
her train,
Sixty miles in latitude—three hundred to the
main;
Treason fled before us, for resistance was in vain,
While we were marching through Georgia.

CHORUS.

THE GRAND REVIEW.

From a Memorial Day Address by Chaplain-in-Chief, J. F. Lovering.

A DOZEN years have passed since the war closed, since its sword was sheathed, since the banner of rebellion—the stars and bars—trailed in the dust, and once again the grand old Stars and Stripes—the Flag of the Union—floated in the clear and radiant sunshine under a peaceful sky. The days just before our armies were disbanded will never be forgotten by any who composed them. The peaceful camp fires burned. The hill-sides flamed at night with beacon-fires and rockets. Through the day laughter and song took the place of the sharp movements of drill and bugle calls. Those whose wounds were fresh, thought of the battle as of a dream, and looked forward eagerly for the return to northern homes. At last came orders for a grand review—the grand review of the army of the Potomac—the fighting army, *par excellence*, of all our armies. I never expect to see a nobler sight. The whole scene is vividly before me. I see the steady sweeping advance of infantry. I see the noble squadrons of cavalry. I see the heavy batteries of artillery—silent now, but speaking with convincing eloquence a short yesterday ago. Even as today under the spell of memory I recall that grand review, my heart throbs more warmly, my pulse beats more quickly, and every nerve quivers and thrills. There were generals, and colonels and captains

in that mighty host, men who had won bars, or leaflets, or eagles, or stars by intrepid bravery, by unchallenged courage. But there were other heroes—men in the ranks, sergeants with three bars and a lozenge, corporals with two stripes, and privates who, in simple blue uniform, were equal to captain, major, colonel or general, in stalwart courage and heroic manhood. We remember them with enthusiasm. Every patriotic heart delights to honor them.

But have we only the memory of *that* grand review? No, no, most emphatically no. Look up! *There* is a grander review. Look up! See the hosts assembling upon the parade ground of the heavens. What mighty army is above! What heroes have set their names upon its roster. What matchless valor, what inestimable worth, what dauntless heroism they represent! Let the living pass. Give way, comrades of the Grand Army of the Republic. Give way to the Grand Army of the Immortals. From what battle fields their ranks are recruited—Fredericksburg, Shiloh, Vicksburg, Gettysburg, the thickets of the Wilderness, the swamps of the Chickahominy, the trenches of Petersburg. What familiar forms come forth to greet us. See! There is the old man, his hair gray with age who was wounded at Spotsylvania. "Ah, uncle John," I said to him then, "I am sorry

you are hurt, but the wound is not desperate, we shall see you well again soon." "Perhaps so, chaplain, if I could get a little rest, but there's too much old blood in my veins to stand a move, and the ambulances start in an hour." There he is, above, with the smile of eternal youth upon his face—soldier under the Great Captain of our salvation. And there! why there I see the boy who came to me with a face beardless as a woman's, a patient in the hospital, with no sickness upon him, but homesickness. It was so lonely, he said, and as I talked with him, he told me of the dear mother at home he so longed to see. Sympathy was medicine to his heart. He went back to his company. Alas, the next battle brought him again to the hospital to die of wounds, to die with a smile on his face and the sweet word, mother, on his lips. And there are others, how many others, whose memories we cherish. From what experience, from what scenes of trial and anguish they went forth to swell the ranks above.

Thus the army above was gathered. Look up to it—it will help your patriotism. Look up. How gladly they rejoice that their names are honored. How they exult that the flag, under which they fought and for which they died, still waves above their forgotten graves.

Comrades who have been promoted, we salute you. Comrades of the host above, we swear to be true to your memory, and true to our country and our flag, till Death, your recruiting officer, permits us to put our names beside yours upon the roster of the Grand Army of the Immortals.

A Nurse's Story.

It was at Memphis that I saw one of the most affecting scenes, in my whole experience as nurse. Some one came up one day to the hospital and told me that a boat had just come from Vicksburg, loaded with wounded, in a very suffering condition. I had no one of my own sex with me at the time, save a young girl, a daughter of one of the wealthiest and once most prominent men of the vicinity—a secessionist, by the way.

The girl—Olive Lancaster—of course I cannot give her real name—had left her father's house to nurse wounded Union soldiers, greatly to the disgust of her family, who at once disowned her—not at all, however, to the daunting of the brave girl.

She had been educated in a Northern school, and she told me sometimes of a young Northern cousin, whom she loved very dearly—beyond cousinly limits I fancied—for her cheek took a richer carmine when she talked of him, and her eyelids drooped, as eyelids are not apt to droop for cousins. It was from him, more than any other Northern association, she had got those sentiments which banished her from her father's house, and made her a tender and efficient nurse of our loyal defenders. I alone, knew how fearfully she watched for his face among the wounded who came to us.

She was very beautiful, this Olive Lancaster. The circumstances under which I knew her were enough in themselves to make her lovely in my eyes, but she was undeniably beautiful aside from that—a brunette—dark but clear, with a tropi-

cally scarlet lip, and faintly flushing cheeks, and the soft darkness of her eyes was like a June evening. She went with me down to the landing, each of us carrying a basket of such necessaries as we knew by experience would be most acceptable. It was a terrible sight. I have seen other terrible sights since, but then I had had no such experience as that, and I thought when my foot first touched that awful deck that I should faint.

These poor wounded soldiers lay as thickly as they could be put, upon the open deck, and the blood from their wounds had literally drenched the whole floor, so that we could not step without putting our feet in pools of it.

Olive did not once falter. Glancing at her sometimes, I saw that her face was very white, but she stepped quietly along among them — and her eyes had a look in them that I thought must of itself be as much, almost, to those fainting men, as the wine and food she put to their pallid lips.

After the first sickening sensation of fright and appalling, I was strong enough. One could not be weak at such a time, with such moans in our ears, such awful need lifting hollow hungry eyes at us. Some had fainted from exposure, privation, and loss of blood; others were so near fainting that it was long before they could be sufficiently revived to be removed in the litters which were waiting to take them to the hospital. Some were quite dead — for lack, perhaps, of those very offices we were rendering to their surviving comrades. Some — the heroes — refused the succoring draught till a

weaker brother had tasted it; and others, delirious, babbled of home, sweet-heart, or wife, "Johnny," or "little Joe."

There was one, among the last that I bent over, and toward whose handsome, boyish-looking face I had glanced more than once as I moved along the line. It was a young face — handsome as a girl's, and with a patient sweetness about the mouth that touched me exceedingly. His eyes were closed, and he lay so still, so without sound or movement, that I could not tell whether he was dead, or only fainting.

But he was neither, for when I touched him, speaking, he opened his eyes and looked at me, and smiled as I offered him wine. Such a smile! I have never in my life seen any thing like it; and the lustre of those eyes — the expressiveness that was in them, and that I can no more paint to you that I can the awful reality of the tragic scene about me. I looked at him in amazement, thinking he was either delirious or unhurt; but he was not the first, and his whole right side was oozing scarlet.

"You haven't got much of that left, and the others need it more than I do," he said, with a gesture of his well hand toward my wine bottle; and then, as I hesitated an instant, "I've got something better than wine. Let me alone, please, and come back when you've attended to the rest of those poor fellows." I passed on, wondering, and got back to him as soon as possible, vaguely uneasy.

Olive was only a few steps away, coming toward us, as I knelt beside him, and his glance tried to reach her; he could not move his head, and his face was

turned from her. "Is it Olive?" he asked, eagerly. In an instant it flashed over me who he was—even before Olive, with a low cry, had dropped beside him, and was covering his face with her kisses and tears.

"I knew you were there," he said; "I heard your voice, and it was better than a bottle of wine to me."

"You knew I was here, and yet waited without calling to me?" Olive said, reproachfully.

"You couldn't have come to me without leaving others, you know," he said, gently.

The girl's only answer was a kiss and a sob, and then she said to me.

"It is my cousin Philip."

"Of course it is, Olive," I said, "and it is time he was removed to the hospital."

She got up then, blushing deeply as she saw the men waiting with a litter—waiting with a respectful, sympathetic look, that spoke plainly enough their appreciation of the scene.

Poor Philip was so badly wounded that it hurt him terribly when they lifted him. But though his lips whitened, and drops forced out by agony stood on his forehead, he made no moan.

Olive several times cried out sharply as though they had hurt *her*, and wrung her hands at the pain it was to him.

He lived, but it was with the loss of his right arm; and just before I left Memphis I was present at a ceremony in which my sweet and brave Olive exchanged the name of cousin for that of wife. I left them both there, both nurses, since Philip could no longer fight.

News from the Front.

"Hold there, courier, what news from the front?
Go not so fast on your galloping way!
Have the armies met, has a battle been fought?
Tell us which side has won the day,
And who is living, and who lie low;
We all have friends in the ranks, you know."

"The armies met but a few days since,
And a terrible battle has been fought:
We are the victors, thank the Lord!
But the victory, oh, it was dearly bought,
For the ground is littered with Union dead,
And the trampled grass with their blood is red."

"Tell me, courier, say if you can
How it has fared with my own brave boy?
He was the last of five gallant sons,
His mother's only remaining joy."
Thus spoke a woman wrinkled and gray,
As the courier paused a while by the way.

"Your boy, good woman? Alas! he is killed;
In the front of battle I saw him fall.
With his face to the enemy he lay,
Shot through the heart by a rifleman's ball;
But tell me, mother, was your boy's life
More dear than our cause in this deadly strife?"

"Courier, I have already said
He was the child of my later years;
I have given five to our noble cause—
And the Lord will wipe away these tears:
'Tis hard with one's flesh and blood to part,
But I yield them all with a willing heart."

"Courier," said a young wife then,
"Is my husband living, and is he well?"
"My Captain, lady, was wounded at first,
Close by my side in the fight he fell;
And asked that this token to you I'd give,
For he knew himself that he could not live."

"O God, he is dead! 'tis my picture this;
I bade him wear it on every field
Close to his heart, where I placed it then,
Praying his precious life it might shield;
And I strove to keep the tears from my eyes
When I gave him to God a sacrifice!"

"And, courier, what of Walter Holt?

Pray tell me if of him you know aught"—
This from the lips of a fair young girl.

"I know how bravely and well he fought,
And I know as well that he lost an arm,
But otherwise he is safe from arm."

"Oh, courier, tell him when you return
How that of one thing he may be sure :
That I am his whenever he will ;
And 'though he has lost an arm, and is poor,
Bid him remember that I have two,
And will prove what a Yankee girl can do."

Then the courier spurred his foaming steed,
Thinking aloud as he rode away :
"Oh, when will the night of battle clear,
And show us the dawn of a brighter day,
When these groans of anguish and grief shall
cease
In the golden sunrise of perfect peace?"

The Cooper Refreshment Rooms at Philadelphia.

[From *MSS. History of the 57th Regiment Mass.*
Vols., prepared by J. BRAINERD HALL, of
Worcester, Mass.]

The Cooper Refreshment Rooms has a history which would fill a book larger than this is expected to be. Early in the war, the wife of a mechanic that lived near the landing of the Camden & Amboy Railroad terminus, in that City, went out one morning with her coffee-pot and a cup, and gave about a dozen soldiers a warm drink. This hint of that noble woman was the gem from which sprung a system of relief, which will always be remembered by every soldier that passed through that "City of Brotherly Love," during the late war of the Rebellion.

The hint was quickly imitated by others, who immediately formed themselves into a committee, for the general

distribution of coffee to the soldiers. The men soon became interested and set themselves to work to procure supplies for the women, in their labor of love. For a few days, these refreshments were collected and served under the trees in front of the cooper-shop, owned by Mr. William M. Cooper, on Otsego street, near Washington avenue. Mr. Cooper, whose patriotic heart burned within him, saw what was needed, and immediately tendered to this committee the use of his large shop. The building was at once cleared of the barrels, hoop-poles and staves, and the first regiment was fed under its roof May 12, 1861.

Across the street always hung a banner, with the following in large letters:—

COOPER SHOP
VOLUNTEER
REFRESHMENT SALOON.
F R E E.

Soon after the cooper-shop was opened, the demand became so great that another set of rooms near by was opened: attached to the last, was a temporary hospital. In these two places 1,200,000 soldiers were fed; 40,000 were accommodated with a night's lodging; 15,000 freedmen and refugees cared for, and 20,000 had their wounds dressed by those in attendance.

The rooms were at all times liberally supplied by the citizens of Philadelphia. At all hours of the day or night, these self-sacrificing heroines, when a little signal gun kept for the purpose an-

nounced the approach of a regiment or company, would repair to the saloons, and with the greatest cheerfulness, dispense the generous bounty of their fellow-citizens. These rooms were not closed until August, 1865. When visited by the 57th, many of the tools and appliances still hung in their accustomed places before the change from a shop to a Soldiers' Refreshment Saloon.

Regimental Events.

The following accounts of two of the members of the 57th Mass. regiment, and their sufferings and death, will be of interest to many:—

NEAR GAINES MILLS, VA., *June 7, 1864.*

DEAR ———: * * * I do not know whether you are aware that Corporal Bullard has been wounded; he was wounded at North Anna river, in the arm and leg; has had a bone taken out of his arm, I believe, and at last accounts was doing well; he is probably now in Washington; I am told by Sergeant Allen that Ira fought like a hero, cool and plucky, * * he has proved that the Bullard blood comes from good fighting stock. * * *

GEORGE E. BARTON.

On Sunday, October 23, 1864, Corporal IRA B. BULLARD, of Co. M., was buried from the Baptist Church, West Sutton. Corporal Bullard was wounded at the battle of North Anna River, Va., May 24, 1864, which wound caused his death at Mount Pleasant U. S. Army General Hospital, in the suburbs of Washington, D. C. He was spoken of as a brave soldier and a worthy young man. On

the same day of his burial the following in relation to him was written:—

HEAD QUARTERS CO. "C." 57th. In the Field.

NEAR PEGRAM'S FARM, VA., *Oct. 23, 1874.*

"DEAR ———: * * * In reply to your inquiries about Ira B. Bullard, I will state that he was wounded in action, May 24th, at the battle of North Anna, and afterwards died of wounds in hospital at Washington. I took him from the field in one of my ambulances—I was attached to the ambulance train at that time * * I had quite a long talk yesterday with Lieut. Colonel Tucker about Ira. The Colonel, you know, formerly commanded Co. "M."

He said that Ira proved himself to be an excellent soldier, both cool and plucky in a fight, and always faithful when on duty. The Colonel in speaking of Ira's conduct in the battle of the Wilderness, related a circumstance illustrative of Corporal Bullard's coolness under fire. Ira's rifle having become foul, so that he was unable to discharge it, he quietly took his wrench from his cartridge box, unscrewed the cone on which the caps are placed, took his primer and cleaned out the cone, then screwed it on again and blazed away; all this under a heavy fire of musketry from the "Johnnies." I have just been talking with the Color Sergeant; he says of Ira, —he was the best Corporal I had on the "Color Guard," always in his place, close to the colors. He fell fighting by the old flag, and went to the rear without assistance.

A day or two before the fight at North Anna River, Ira was quite sick and was away from the Regiment about half a day, but this did not suit him at all. He joined the "Color Guard" and went in with the Regiment. Most men would have taken advantage of their sickness and

remained in the rear, but this was not Corporal Bullard's style. He made this remark to the Color Sergeant when he joined the Guard: "If I were only well I could do my duty, but I want to be with the Regiment wherever they are."

* * *

GEORGE E. BARTON.

At the time of Schneider's death, Mr. C. C. COFFIN (Carleton), of the *Boston Journal*, wrote a just and beautiful tribute to his memory. It contains some things which have already appeared, but it has been thought best to give it in full. He says:—

"While riding up from City Point to the front to-day, a friend, attached to the Christian Commission, pointed out a grave by the roadside, near the 5th Corps hospital, about a mile east of the Dunn House. For me it had a special interest, as it will have for thousands—the grave of Edward M. Schneider, 57th Mass.

"When the Regiment was formed he was a student in Phillip's Academy, Andover. From motives of patriotism purely, against the wishes of his friends, he left the literature of the ancients, the history of the past, to become an actor in the present, and to do what he could for the future. His father is the well known Missionary of the American Board at Aintob, Turkey; and the son did what he thought would meet his approval.

"The Chaplain of the Regiment, Rev. Mr. Doshiell, has kindly given me information of what he has done for his country. On the march from Annapolis, he, though but seventeen years old, and unaccustomed to hardships, kept his place in the ranks, not once falling out from the encampment by the waters of the Chesapeake, to the Rapidan. He was

slightly wounded on the North Anna, and was sent to Port Royal for transportation to Washington, but of his own account, returned to his Regiment, joining it at Coal Harbor. While preparing for the charge upon the enemy's works, on the 17th, beyond the Dunn House, he said to the Chaplain, 'I intend to be the first one to enter their works.'

"The charge was made. How grandly they moved through the woods! How quickly they swept up to the rebel line of defensive works, like the ocean billow upon a break-water, rolling over it, engulfing all beyond! The brave young soldier tried to make good his words. With eager feet he lead the advance, breaking out from the line and keeping a rod or two in advance. He was almost there,—not quite,—almost near enough to feel the hot flash of the rebel musketry in his face,—near enough to be covered with the sulphurous cloud from the cannon,—when he fell, shot through the body.

"He was carried to the hospital, with six hundred and fifty of his Division comrades. He lay all night with his wounds undressed, waiting his turn. There was not a murmur from his lips. The Chaplain looked at his wounds. "What do you think of it?" "Seeing it was mortal, he could not articulate a reply; neither could he restrain his tears. He remembered the last injunction of the young soldier's older sister: "I commit him to your care." The young hero interpreted the meaning of the tears—that his wound was mortal. "Do not weep," he said, "it is God's will, I wish you to write to my father and tell him that I

have tried to do my duty to my country and to God." He disposed of his effects, giving \$10 to the Christian Commission, \$20 to the American Board, and trifles to his friends. Then, in the simplicity of his heart, he said: "I have a good many friends, school-mates and companions. They will want to know where I am, how I am getting on. You can let them know I am gone, and that I die content; and Chaplain, the boys in the Regiment. I want you to tell them to STAND BY THE DEAR OLD FLAG! and there is my brother in the Navy,—write to him and tell him TO STAND BY THE OLD FLAG AND CLING TO THE CROSS OF CHRIST!"

"The Surgeon came and examined the wound. "It is my duty to tell you, that you will soon go home," he said. "Yes, Doctor, I am going home, I am not afraid to die. I don't know how the valley will be when I get to it, but it is all bright now." Then gathering up his waning strength, he repeated the verse often sung by the soldiers, who, amid all the whirl and excitement of the camp and battle-field, never forget those whom they have left behind them,—mother, sister, father, brother. Calmly, clearly, distinctly, he repeated the lines,—the chorus of the song:—

"Soon with angels I'll be marching,
With bright laurels on my brow;
I have for my country fallen.
Who will care for *sister* now?"

"The night wore away. Death came on apace. He suffered intense pain; but not a murmur escaped his lips. Sabbath morning came, and with the coming of the light he passed away. On

the 17th of June, eighty-nine years ago, the sons of freedom freely gave their lives on Bunker Hill for the cause they loved. Not less worthy of remembrance are those who fell in front of Petersburg on this memorable day.

"Not many days hence, a gray haired man, far away in the Orient, will receive the tidings. The affliction may be severe; for, loving his work, serving his Master, he doubtless has looked down the vista of coming years, and beheld the boy succeeding him as a Missionary of the Gospel; but in his affliction will he not thank God that he had such a son? He has not lived in vain. He has done his work, and has gone home to engage in a high service. It was not for him to have all his heart's desire here,—to be the first to stand upon the rampart of the enemy's works,—but fearlessly and triumphantly he vanquished the last enemy, and came off a mighty conqueror.

"I die content," said the heroic and noble Wolfe, at Quebec, when told that the French were fleeing.—Stand up for Jesus," said Dudley Tyng in his last hours.—"Let me die with my face to the enemy," was the last command of General Rice, the Christian, the Soldier, the Patriot, at Spottsylvania:—but equally worthy of a place in the memories of men are the words of Edward M. Schneider,—the boy, the student, hardly eighteen years of age, the leader in the charge,—to his brother. They are the essence of all that Wolfe, and Tyng, and Rice uttered in their last moments. His grave is by the road-side, marked by a rude paling erected by Rev. Mr. Doshield. The summer breeze sweeps

through the sighing pines above the heaved-up mound. Mournful, yet sweet the music of the wind's harp; mournful, in that one so young, so full of life, capable of such a future, should go so soon; sweet that he did his work so well. Had he lived a century, he could not made it more complete. It was a short life, extending only from the peaceful shade of Old Andover to the entrenchment of Petersburg; but oh, how full!

"I have given the record as narrated by his Chaplain and by members of the Christian Commission, who were with him in his last moments. It is plain, simple, true. I am refreshed. The future is not dark. Will the tree of Liberty become diseased and fall prematurely into the sear and yellow leaf, if nourished by such vital blood? No. There is compensation in God's economy. It is costly to sow such seed; but return will be abundant, the harvest golden. Amid all the pain, the anguish, the tearing of heartstrings, waste and desolation of war, we have such compensation. There are thousands who are ready to fall where he marched to the cannon's mouth; and there are other thousands who have not yet taken their places in the ranks, young as he in years, who, as they read this record, will feel the patriotic flame kindling as never before.

"One week ago this Sunday morning he passed, from the din of the dry, hot, dusty, bloody field of battle, to that land where peace floweth like a river forevermore. I have stood by the moulding dust of those whose names are great in history, whose deeds and virtues are cut in brass and marble, who were revered

while living, and mourned for when dead; but never have I felt a profounder reverence for departed worth than for him.—Asleep beneath the pines, unconfined, unshrouded, wearing, as when he fell, the uniform of his country. His last words—the messages to his comrades, to his father and his brother—will live so long as the flag of our country shall wave, or the cross of Christ endure. "STAND UP FOR THE DEAR OLD FLAG, AND CLING TO THE CROSS OF CHRIST!" They are the emblems of all our hopes for time and eternity. Short, full, round, complete, his life. Glorious such a death!

"CARLETON."

Our Youngest Soldier.

SERGEANT JOHN CLEM, Twenty-second Michigan Volunteer Infantry, was the youngest soldier in our army. He was only 12 years old, and small, even for his age. His home was in Newark, Ohio. He first attracted the notice of General Rosecrans at a review at Nashville, where he was acting as marker of his regiment. The General attracted by his youth and intelligence, invited him to call upon him whenever they were in the same place. Rosecrans saw no more of Clem until his return to Cincinnati, when one day coming to his room at the Burnet House, he found the boy awaiting him. He had seen service in the mean while. He had gone through the battle of Chicamauga, where he had three bullets through his hat. Here he killed a rebel Colonel. The officer, mounted on horseback, encountered the young hero, and called out,

"Stop, you little Yankee devil!" By way of answer the boy halted, brought his piece to "order," thus throwing the Colonel off his guard. In an other moment the piece was cocked, brought to aim, fired, and the officer fell dead from his horse. For this achievement Clem was promoted to the rank of Sergeant, and Rosecrans bestowed upon him the Roll of honor.

He did His duty Well.

Come bear him to his resting place
 With still and solemn tread,
 No crown of laurel shall be placed
 Above his youthful head;
 No words of praise upon his tomb
 To speak of how he fell;
 Only the honest epitaph,
 "He did his duty well."

Come near and gaze upon the dead
 Ere laid beneath the dust,
 Gaze on the calm and settled face
 With still and solemn trust;
 Look on him, let your grief be still,
 And do not mourn as they
 Who mourn a youthful spirit lost,
 Or birth-right cast away.

How might a mother's heart rejoice
 To know amid the brave,
 Her son, the brightest and the best,
 Had found his early grave;
 Amid the foremost ranks had fought
 With bold and fearless eye,
 And felt within his noble heart
 'Twas honor thus to die.

Then bear him to his resting place
 With still and solemn tread,
 No crown of laurel shall be placed
 Upon his youthful head;
 No words of praise upon his tomb,
 To speak of how he fell;
 Only the honest epitaph,
 "He did his duty well."

Corporal Simpson's Story.

"It was a grand ride and adventure—that we had last week!"

The boys drew closer to the fire; they knew my story was worth hearing, and, lighting their pipes, they got ready to listen.

"Yes, a right jolly ride! You remember, boys, that on the 25th of March Captain Gere of the Griswold Light Cavalry—you have fought at their side more than once—was sent out with a hundred or so of men to the neighborhoods of Berryville and Winchester, on a scout. Well, we encamped at Millwood, a straggling sort of place, you remember, about seven miles from Berryville. After the fires were built, rations not being over-plenty, Dick Weatherbee, sergeant, private Harry Johnson and myself determined to indulge in a little foraging on our own account, and in prosecuting our laudable purpose, went some two miles from camp to a farm-house, where we ordered supper from an old woman, apparently the only occupant of the premises. She didn't seem to care about giving us what we wanted, but we sat down resolutely by the fire, giving her to understand that we meant to stay until our wants were supplied; and so at last she went about preparing us a meal. She moved very slowly, however, and seemed feverish and uneasy, as if she was waiting for something she did not wish us to know about. Finally, however, the supper was ready, and we were just sitting down at the table, when we were treated to a 'surprise' we had not bargained for. Suddenly several revolvers advanced threateningly

into the room, each having a shaggy fellow behind it with 'shot' in his eyes, and a firm set in his mouth that wasn't at all pleasant, considering how close the pistols were to our heads. Now you know, boys, I'm not a coward, but I *didn't* like the 'situation' just at the moment. I recognized the foremost of the three who came into the room as Mosby, and I knew he was not apt to care where his bullets hit; and besides, the Captain and Lieutenant who accompanied him did not look as if they were given to straining the quality of mercy. Upon their demand, therefore, that we should surrender, we signified immediate assent, but not without a pang that we were to lose our supper, which seemed all the more tempting now that they were beyond our reach.

"Mosby, however, was anything but depressed. Indeed, he was in the jolliest humor possible, and indulged in all sorts of jokes at our expense. We didn't, however, lose our wits in our misfortune. We had been in worse scrapes, a great deal, than that, and we did not altogether despair of getting out some way or other.

"After helping himself to what supper he wanted, Mosby told us we must follow him to Paris, where he had his headquarters, and we accordingly went out, watched by the Lieutenant, to get our horses, which were tied near the barn. Johnson, somehow, managed to give the Lieutenant the slip, and instead of getting his horse, hid in a haystack, and so got off, Mosby not daring to wait and hunt him up lest some of our fellows should pounce down upon him.

"Well, Weatherbee and I mounted, and under strict guard we started for

Paris, ten or twelve miles, you remember, away. The ride was by no means a quiet one, Mosby constantly taunted us with questions. 'Were you with Colonel Cole when I thrashed him at Upperville?' was one of his first queries, to which, however, he got no satisfactory response. Then, after a while, he asked, 'What do you think of my gray nag—I took him from a Yankee Lieutenant.' Weatherbee said that wasn't the only instance of a rascal riding on an honest man's horse, at which the Captain and Lieutenant laughed. Then Mosby began to brag; 'Don't you Yanks, now, fear me more than the regular cavalry?' 'How do you like my style of fighting?' and a dozen other questions were addressed to us in swift succession, showing how little of a hero and how much of a braggart this fellow, with all his feathers, really is. Of course we were mad; but we held our tongues as well as we could, and rode on with as much apparent indifference as possible.

"As we went along, frequent pauses were made at farm-houses along the road, and at each, two or three recruits were secured for Mosby's gang. Nearly every house appeared to have some friend of his in it. He would ride up to a place, call Jim or Jake, tell them that he wanted men at such an hour at the usual place, and that they must tell Joe and Mose, and then would ride on, leaving his friends to come on at their leisure. A good many of these fellows I had seen before, and all claimed to be Union citizens; some of them, I know, had taken the oath of allegiance, and no doubt had in their pockets passes to come into our lines and go out whenever they chose. I

marked some of these chaps, and we must attend to them, boys, the first chance we can get.

"Well, we got to Paris at last. I had marked the road pretty closely, thinking that maybe I might want to travel it some time; and I was all the while on the look-out for some means of getting away. The chance came before I expected it. Mosby, as he came up to the house where he had his head-quarters, dismounted and went in, leaving his pistols in his holsters. How my heart fluttered when I saw that! My horse stood close by Mosby's, and his pistols were almost within my reach. But there sat the Lieutenant with his revolver in his hand, ready to shoot me down at the first imprudent movement. Caution was necessary. So, leisurely getting down, I pretended to tie my horse. As I fumbled about the bridle I saw out of one eye that the Captain was moving off, to look, as he said, for an orderly to take the horses. Mosby's horse was between the Lieutenant and myself. Here was a chance: if I could only get the pistols, I might fight my way out. Suddenly I put my foot into the stirrup of Mosby's saddle, and laid hold of one of the shooting-irons. But the Lieutenant saw the movement and fired. Fortunately his aim was bad, and he missed me. In an instant I was in the saddle; and aiming straight at the fellow's heart, shot him dead. Heavens! how excited I was! But I wasn't out of the woods yet. The Captain hearing the discharges, turned round instantly and fired; but he, too, shot wide of the mark. Mosby, all excitement, rushed to the door, shouting.

"What's all this infernal row about?"

"We were too polite, boys, to swear at him in return, as I just leveled at him as he stood in the door, sending a bullet close to his ear, and making him dodge out of sight. Then what time we made! But we didn't leave without a benediction. As we flew away Weatherbee shouted,

"How do you like *our* style of fighting, Colonel Mosby?"

"And I sent back this parting cry:

"Come and see us, boys, we're of the New York 'Twenty-first.'

"So, lads, we got away, leaving one vacancy among Mosby's officers, and carrying with us his 'gray nag,' saddle, pistols, and over-coat. You will find them all in the tent there, except the horse—he is out yonder in the woods eating Union provender, on which, if Mosby told the truth, he was brought up.

"One good thing came out of our capture. Mosby, as we learned during our ride, and from his talk with the farmers, intended to attack Captain Gere at daylight, hoping to surprise and cut him to pieces. Of course we spoiled that nice little plan by getting back in time to give the Captain notice of what was going on, and enable him to make preparations for defense. Mosby evidently thought better of it, and didn't come."

A country girl, coming from the field, told by her poetic cousin that she looked as fresh as a daisy kissed with dew, said, "Well, it wasn't any fellow by that name, but it was Steve Jones that kissed me. I told him that every one in town would find it out?"

PATRIOTISM.

A Discourse delivered at Gettysburg, July 21st, 1878, before the Grand Army of the Republic, by REV. J. F. LOVERING, Chaplain-in-chief, G. A. R.

THE lesson of patriotism must not be forgotten, nor must we suffer it to be held as of secondary importance. It is our duty ; our Christian duty ; our duty as those upon whom must rest the responsibility of inculcating veneration for justice and righteousness, gratitude for the guidance and guardianship of Almighty God, and obedience to those principles underlying our nationality, which are the products of His law ; it is our duty to encourage the most enthusiastic patriotism. There is a mawkish sentimentalism which hesitates to speak of loyalty and patriotism above a whisper. It condones rebellion by praising bravery. It finds

"With keen, discriminating sight,
Black's not so black—nor white so *very* white."

I have no question of the bravery of those who once mustered in regiments and brigades and fought so stoutly against the noble defenders of our noble flag. They did fight bravely. "When Greek meets Greek, then comes the tug of war." But for all that they were wrong. "We may not forget," as Gen. Butler said last Decoration Day in his eloquent oration ; "we may not forget that they were good soldiers in a bad cause."

And I deem it to be a sacred duty to keep this distinction in mind. We have no right to shuffle with conscience. We have no right, because the claws of a

tiger cat have been cut, to call the tiger a kitten. Mercy and forgiveness are Christian virtues ; but mercy and forgiveness do not mean compromise and concession. Between loyalty and disloyalty, as between heaven and hell, there is a deep gulf. We shame our own manhood, we dishonor the graves of our dead, when we forget to honor the cause of the nation, when by a single word or look we seem to apologize for the patriotism which once sung its *exultamus* in the notes of the bugle, flashed its wrath with the gleam of sabres, and uttered its command from the throat of cannon.

During the month of September, following the days of July which gave us this battle-field, a very striking phenomenon was observed in Virginia. The day had been exceedingly warm ; the air was dry and motionless, not a leaf was stirring, and the silence was broken only by the drowsy hum of insect life. Suddenly, in the afternoon, about 3 o'clock, a vast number of light fleecy clouds rolled up from the South, their edges tinged with delicate shades of pearl and amethyst and emerald—the light green tint forming on some of the clouds a singularly beautiful fringe. For nearly an hour, singly or in long column, these clouds swept rapidly through the open sky. This phenomenon had hardly passed when another and one more startling took its place. In the deep valley below where the sky touched the South at the horizon, out from the South on towards the North, silently as if ghosts were mustering on the parade-ground of the heavens, came vast num-

bers of soldierly forms. Platoon after platoon, battalion after battalion, brigade after brigade, they advanced, passed in review and disappeared. Only a little imagination was needed to clothe these shadowy presences in a common uniform, a simple blouse and hat, but armed with no weapon, neither sabre or gun. For an hour this grand review took place, then the sky was again clear; a cool breeze sprung up; the earth brightened under the setting sun. All was still, as if the mysterious tread of ghostly feet had brought a solemn sense of peace.

What *was* a vision may be actual fact. Here and now may be gathering about us a silent and unarmed multitude. On the plains of Marathon, so a patriotic faith taught the Athenian, those who had once saved the land—gathered on certain anniversary occasions, to review their battles, and to quicken in the hearts of Greece a love for country. Here once another summer brightened. Do any here remember that day—that day twice repeated—when the sky quivered with the conflict that shook the earth; when with the flashing of keen sabres, squadron mingled with squadron, and the shriek of rider and horse rent the air together; when the booming of artillery, the crash of shell, the whirl of bullets and plunge of shot were answered back, each hillside to the other giving echo; when over these hills and valleys hung the thick sulphurous clouds lighted up by the lurid wrath of war? Do you think the dead remember—that they recall the terrific charge; that they see again the valiant masses hurl themselves forward, only to be broken and shattered and thrown back, as when

a surge wave of the Atlantic, lifting itself up with a power that seems irresistible, is dashed into spray upon the rock cliff? Do they forget the heroic sacrifice that sanctified their loyalty and patriotism? Perhaps even as the Apostle was encompassed round about with an innumerable multitude, so to-day upon the heights, within the valleys, here in our midst, may be the forces of those who once wore the blue; ay, and the forms of those who wore the gray, and who passing through the fiery furnace of battle have been purged from every taint of disloyalty and rebellion. Certainly this is true—that with a lesser use of the imagination than that which shaped the shadowy clouds into soldierly presences, we may say there are those living who are with us to-day—parents who gave their sons, wives who gave their husbands, sisters who gave their brothers, friends who gave, with heart-breaking farewells, their nearest and dearest. There are with us those who live and who suffer because of the sacrifice they have made in the love of their departed. They are with us; and if with us only in thought, they bear testimony to the import and value of the sacrifice by which the highest Christian patriotism is confirmed.

Are instances needed of such sacrifice? Where can we look without greeting the scene of some heroic exploit or of some heroic death? Yonder sounded the cry once, "On, to the Round Top," and the troops dashed forward. Among them were three, united by ties of soldierly love. Round Top is gained. The ranks of the rebels are mown like corn. Shrapnel and shell do their fearful duty.

Together our three friends had kept, separated for a moment only to meet again. Round Top is gained! Gained? Yes, and one falls with a gurgling cheer upon his lips; he motions feebly—"Come near;" he whispers, "I must send one message home." One of the survivors springs forwards, bends over him, but, as he tries to catch the whisper of his friend, the zip of a Minnie ball hisses through the air, and, struck to the heart, the brother-in-arms falls. Cheek to cheek they lie, and their dying thoughts greet each other; while there beside them sat the third, one hand grasping his rifle, the other laid upon his tent-mate's, while unconscious tears furrowed his swarthy, battle-stained face.

Here in another portion of the field is the dead body of a Union soldier. The eyes are open; their rayless, stony stare is set upon an ambrotype, the likeness of three little children. The dying soldier, in his last moments, turned to thoughts of home, and while looking into the pictured faces of the little ones, breathing with his last breath a prayer for their protection, surrendered life with all its joys and duties, for our country and its flag.

Comrades of the Grand Army of the Republic: by the toil of the march, by the exposure of the camp, by the fiery baptism of battle, you have won the honor which cannot be taken from you, of being the Nation's defenders, the veteran soldiery that forms the color-guard of the Union.

None but those who have served in the Army or Navy during the late war can recruit our ranks. Ours is the aristocracy of patriotism! No organiza-

tion can duplicate ours. In character and in membership it is unique. Comrades of the Old Guard, veterans of the G. A. R., let us hold true to our record and stand firm for any emergency. Let every fight, from Bull Run to Gettysburg, from Gettysburg to Appomattox, speak in our ready and firm resolution. When the command comes—not the command of any mortal leader, but the command of God—uttering itself in the supreme need of some crisis-hour, when such command calls us to face the Nation's foe; whether that foe dare utter rebellious words or do rebellious deeds, whether it seeks to steal by policy what was lost by battle, or to kill by the stealthy stab of the assassin what could not be done by hand-to-hand fighting—let us be ready and obedient. If in any need of any day God speaks to us by any servant of His will, "Up, Guards, and at them!" let the bugle sound, "Forward, the whole line!" and with irresistible and overwhelming impetuosity let the charge be made.

Do this, but do this in the name of God. Do this, but do this in the spirit of Christian fidelity to the great Captain of our salvation. Do this, but do this in recognition of the significance of all the memories and duties and hopes associated with this battle-field of Gettysburg.

"Glorious things are spoken of thee, O City of God." Yes, "glorious things are spoken of thee, O City of God"—*O Gettysburg.*

This was the NATION'S battle-field!

Over it gathered the angry cloud,
Over it thundered the cannon loud,
Over it glared the lightning's pain,
Over it hurtled the leaden rain.

Look round! there once the squadrons dashed,
And there, there once the sabres flashed;
Hark! hear the echo from days of dread!
"Forward! forward" o'er living and dead.

This was the NATION's battle-field:

On it redden'd a crimson sod,
On it agony prayed to God.
On it, amid the deadly strife,
The wounded shrieked for death—not life.

Look round! there once the squadrons dashed;
And there, there once the sabres flashed.
Hark! hear the echo from days of dread,
"Forward! forward!" o'er living and dead.

What *is* the Nation's battle-field?—

Valleys slumber in peace to-day;
Round Top smiles 'neath the Summer's ray;
In the camp of the dead each silent grave
Like a holy altar enshrines our brave.

The robin sings from the shattered tree,
In meadow flower hums the honey-bee;
Her fields, once wet with a crimson stain,
Give fruitful promise of golden grain.

Such *is* the Nation's battle-field.

God of our comrades! we praise thy name;
Each hero of thine is the heir of fame.
"Dead on the field of honor!" we cry:
Living! Promoted! is Heaven's reply.

God of the Nation! bless thou our land!
Speak from our Gettysburg thy command—
That in the future, as in the past,
The law of the right shall be law to the last;
That the crime of rebellion shall triumph never,
But the flag of the Union float forever.

AMEN!

"I say, Dick, don't you think that if the women had to do the fighting instead of the men they would make sad work of it?" "No; why do you ask?" "Because I think they would, they have such an engaging way with them." "That's very true; but they have also such a captivating way that there would be, doubtless, more prisoners than killed."

The Late Gen. Phil Kearney.

PHILIP KEARNEY was born in New York City on 2d June, 1815. He was born a soldier, and in spite of the wishes of his family, who desired him to study law, enlisted in the First United States Dragoons, when quite a boy. His uncle then commanded them, and through his influence he succeeded in obtaining a commission as Second Lieutenant. He was shortly afterward sent to Europe by the Government to report upon the cavalry tactics of the French; and, the better to inform himself, he joined the *Chasseurs d' Afrique*, and made several campaigns with them in Algeria, winning golden opinions from the officers for his gallantry and military skill. When the war broke out with Mexico, Phil Kearney accompanied the army as a Captain of Dragoons, whose equipments and horses he provided at his private expense. In the march from Vera Cruz to Mexico he won high honor, and was shortly afterward brevetted Major for his gallantry. At the San Antonio Gate, City of Mexico, he was ordered to charge a battery. He gave the order to charge. A murderous volley checked his advance, and caused his troop to waver. Alone, with his sword erect, Philip Kearney dashed upon the enemy, and his men, electrified by his example, charged and took the battery. In this affair Major Kearney lost an arm.

After the Mexican war Major Kearney was sent to California, and commanded an expedition against the Indians of the Columbia River. He displayed during this campaign, as the annals of the War Department will prove, such tact, cool-

ness, and courage as won him the praise of our best military judges. When returned from this expedition, Major Kearney resigned his commission, and returning to Europe devoted several years to military studies.

During the Italian campaign of 1859, Major Kearney served as volunteer aid to General Morris, a distinguished officer in the French army. The American aid made good use of the facilities offered him during the series of brilliant victories which brought the contest to a speedy conclusion. He was ever observing, studying with unflagging zeal and ardor each movement of the army. He was unconsciously preparing himself for his future position. At the conclusion of this campaign the French officers, who had witnessed with delight the evidences of the military ardor and enthusiasm of Philip Kearney, called the Emperor Napoleon's attention to the American officer. His Majesty immediately bestowed upon him the Cross of the Legion of honor.

When the news of the breaking out of this hideous rebellion first reached Europe, Major Philip Kearney was residing in Paris. He lost not a moment. He hurried back to offer his services to his country, and was shortly afterward appointed a Brigadier-General of the forces of New Jersey. In the army of the Potomac no officer has won higher praise than General Kearney. General McClellan is said to have wept when he heard of his death, and to have said: "Who can replace Phil Kearney?"

THE COWARD'S "ARMS."—His *legs*.

My Boy Ben.

"CINDY!"

The girl leaned from the window of the room she was dusting. Fair and blue-eyed, somewhat pretty, there was yet a lurking something in her face that told you she belonged to the subject race.

"Yes, Ben," looking up and down the fragrant garden paths for the owner of the voice, and finally right down beneath the window, where he stood with a pruning-knife in his hand and some clippings from the tall flowering shrub he had been trimming. Nothing in *his* face to tell what blood darkened in his veins, unless it might be the spark that smouldered, as it were, in his full dark eye. He was tall and lithely made, his features aristocratic enough in mould for the most exacting taste, and he carried himself like a prince in disguise.

"It's true, Cindy, what I told you. Master Perry is only home on furlough. He's taken a commission in the Richmond army. I saw his uniform hid away in the oak wardrobe, not half an hour ago. And the family is going back with him when he goes. So it's good-by to our chance if we don't take it pretty soon."

"What shall we do, Ben!" Cindy said, clasping her hands.

Ben reached up and pulled her ear down to the level of his lips.

"Take our chance to-night, if we care enough for it," he whispered; "the Union lines are only six miles off."

"But master will go after us," she answered, in the same breathless voice.

"I know; and they'd give us up to him, because he pretends to be Union."

And I can't prove that he ain't. But, my girl, we won't go as *Cindy and Ben*. You'll put on a suit of Master Walt's, and I shall wear Master Perry's uniform?"

Cindy drew back from Ben's triumphant look, fairly aghast with the daringness of the proposition.

"Don't you be scared, Cindy, it ain't half so bad as to stay. And remember wiat that would be. How did your old mother die? and where's Jube? and what was Lizzy whipped for? Will you go?"

Cindy was crying bitterly. "Yes, oh yes!"

"Get away as early as you can then, to-night, and wear a suit of Master Walt's. Look as much like him as you can; I'll be waiting at the bottom of the garden."

It was near midnight when the two met again at the foot of the garden; Cindy looking as much like the spruce young student, Master Walt, as his clothes could make her, but shaking with fear till her teeth chattered.

Ben she at first took for Master Perry himself, and was for running back to the house when he stopped her. Ben's eyes flashed like the buttons of his master's uniform.

"Do I look enough like him to pass for him, Cindy?" he asked, drawing himself up.

"You look like his very self, Ben."

"Then I am him, Captain Perry Littlejohn, of the Confederate service—remember, Cindy—and you're my boy Jube, and I'm going to desert to the old flag I never wanted to fight against. That's about what I heard a deserter tell 'em when I went to the Union camp

with a load of sweet-potatoes, the other day. Wonder if those Yankee soldiers will see any resemblance between Captain Littlejohn and his boy Ben?"

Cindy watched her lover, speechless with admiration; too much bewildered, indeed, to detect the fine sarcasm that underlay his light speech.

"The devil! ha, ha! ho, ho! What the mischief does this mean, Ben, you rascal?"

It was Captain Perry himself, who had been listening some time among the branches of the tree under which they stood, waiting for the night to get a little darker. He swung himself down now, and laid his hand lightly on Ben's shoulder, almost convulsed with laughter at the idea of *his* servant in *his* uniform, and pretending to pass for *himself*!

"It means that I'm going to try freedom, Master Perry," said Ben, quietly. "Come, Cindy."

He sprang from under Littlejohn's hand, and darted down the avenue.

Poor Cindy was too frightened to move, and let Master Perry take her back to the house without the faintest show of resistance.

Master Perry was very angry by this time; but he did not offer to pursue the fugitive.

"The scoundrel!" he muttered. "I'll go over to the Union camp after him to-morrow; and I don't think he'll ever try it again after I've given him a certain practical illustration of the consequences of such impertinence. Won't the Yankees stare, though—curse them—when they find that, instead of Captain Littlejohn, deserter, they've only got my slave-boy,

Ben? They're just soft enough to swallow that imposition."

Cindy listened to him, shuddering. She had often heard Ben say he would never live to be whipped; and some instinct of this in the family had hitherto spared him such ignominy. Now, however, it seemed that nothing could save him.

True to his word, Master Perry went over to the Union camp in the morning to claim his slave. He had rested very contentedly overnight, in the belief that he would experience no difficulty in obtaining possession of him, and his meditations were chiefly of the punishment necessary to prevent such impertinence in future. Ben was very spirited; he knew that well enough; but all the more reason why his spirit should be broken.

"A fellow representing himself as Captain Littlejohn, deserted from the Confederate service?" repeated the officer to whom Littlejohn presented himself. "Why, yes, I believe we have got such a man here. He's under guard, though, till the matter can be investigated. Do you know any thing about him?"

Littlejohn laughed.

"I ought to, seeing I'm Cap — ahem — Littlejohn myself, and the fellow you have got is only my boy Ben, done up in my — ahem — in a uniform the fellow got hold of somewhere."

"What?"

Littlejohn repeated his story somewhat more coherently. There were some quicksands in the vicinity of that uniform, but he floundered through them; and

Colonel Manning, amused and perplexed both, sent a file of men after the mysterious Captain.

Ben came into the presence, looking like a Major-General, at the very least. The uniform became him wonderfully, having already snuffed a few hours of free air he carried himself several inches taller than usual, and looked so handsome and dignified withal, that it was much easier believing Littlejohn "my boy Ben," than Ben himself.

"You certainly resemble each other," said Colonel Manning to the slave claimant, "and really, Sir, where master and slave so strongly resemble each other, really—"

He hesitated, still between amusement and real perplexity, while Littlejohn colored angrily.

"Do you mean to insult me, Sir?" feeling for his sword; but Ben had it.

"By no means, Captain."

Ben, at too great a distance to hear the conversation, was regarding his quondam master with an indescribable ferocious air, copied from the most approved specimens of Southern chivalry he had ever seen.

"Captain, this gentleman lays a very singular claim to—"

The bogus Captain interrupted the hesitating sentence with a ferocious scowl, and then laughing lightly, said:

"You are facetious, Colonel, ha! ha! to call my boy Ben, this gentleman."

Here was a situation! Which was "My boy Ben," or was either? The Colonel began to look cloudy, vaguely suspecting that he was being made the victim of some family hoax.

"Gentlemen," he began, "I see no other way but to place you both under arrest till this matter can be properly investigated."

"Come to inform against me as a rebel, eh?" said Ben, slave wit getting ahead of the gentlemanly instinct on the other side.

"You, rascal—" began Littlejohn; but Colonel Manning informed him that personal invective could not be indulged there, the *Captain* showed himself quite the most a gentleman of the two.

"Captain? *he's* no Captain; this is an outrage, Colonel Manning—a deliberate outrage!"

"Why, Ben, what game are you up to now? The cleverest joker you ever saw, Colonel," the real Ben said, with an air that staggered Littlejohn himself.

Colonel Manning tried to smile, but it was hard work, the whole affair was so bewildering. And he had grown more and more suspicious that he was being hoaxed somehow. His sentiments concerning the contrabands were peculiar, somebody might have hit upon this plan to test them.

He accordingly, as the simplest way out of the dilemma, ordered the mysterious pair both under arrest for the present.

Southern temper was scarcely able to contain itself then, and sputtered and fumed vehemently, but in vain. Ben marched away with his chuckling guard like a conquering hero.

A messenger was dispatched to the Littlejohn family mansion when Master Perry got cool enough to suggest such a proceeding. But the messenger must have lost his way, though it was plain

enough, for nothing more was heard of him till the following day toward noon.

Meanwhile, next morning, a little before light, a blue-eyed, fair-faced young woman calling herself Cindy, came struggling into the Union camp, and fell fainting with terror at the foot of the compassionate picket who hailed her. A slight examination showed that it was probably not altogether terror made the girl faint. Her shoulders were bruised and lacerated; she had been whipped for trying to run away. That was evident enough.

We all know what Yankee soldiers are in such a case. One of those who stood there and heard poor Cindy's story had dabbled in law before he became a soldier, and was consequently dubbed "the lawyer" by his comrades. He managed somehow to get speech with Captain Littlejohn *alias* Ben; and the consequence was, that when Colonel Manning, having pondered the matter, had that curious case of "My boy Ben" up again in the morning, Ben, looking as much like a Major-General as ever, told the Colonel with dignified courtesy that if he would permit him (Ben) to say a few words and ask a few question, he would prove entirely to his satisfaction which of the two was really Captain Littlejohn.

Colonel Manning assented, and Ben proceeded:

"If even I were the slave of this man calling himself Perry Littlejohn, has not the United States Congress passed a law confiscating the slaves of all rebels?"

"Congress has passed such a law."

"Then, sir, this matter is easy of settlement. For the easier arrangement of

it I am willing to acknowledge that I *was* the property of Perry Littlejohn; but having in my possession proof that he is a rebel, I am now confiscated to the United States. This uniform, you will find, if you wish to test the matter, fits that gentleman better even than myself. I took it from his wardrobe the night I came here. In this pocket of it you will find his commission, under rebel signature, as an officer in the rebel army. By sending to his father's house and examining his father's private papers you will find ample proof that he is also a rebel. Till you have ascertained these circumstances to be as I represent them, Colonel, I shall await with hope that judgment which makes me either a free man or *his slave*."

Perry Littlejohn, Esq., had very little to say—or rather he had much, but it was of little avail.

His father, coming to claim Cindy, was detained till a sort of investigating committee could be sent to his house.

The result proved that Ben had told the truth; and Colonel Manning being very exact in such matters, the Littlejohn slaves fulfilled the letter of the law, and became confiscated.

They had a wedding in camp the next day, Ben and Cindy were married.

Margaret Fuller on Women.

To make our women sea captains,
Miss Margaret Fuller wrestles,
While scripture sends them all to sea,
And calls them weaker vessels;
The matter sure is very plain,
No evidence it lacks,
And specially its clear to me,
They're very fit for "smacks."

CAMBRIDGE.

Thanksgiving.

"WHAT have soldiers in hospital, writhing in pain, or tossing in fever, to be thankful for? The day is a humbug. Keep it? No, I've not kept it."

A strong man shorn of his strength spoke, but it was no Delilah answering.

"Many a poor soldier weary with pain and agony has found cause for thankfulness; some trifling deed of pity or word of sympathy has stirred his heart to gratefulness. Suffering generally humbles men to recognize and accept what they disdain in the pride and glory of health."

"Yes, you women get us in your power and then crow."

"Victor, what malice!"

"It is true; then tell us to be thankful. For what? for maimed, crippled bodies, for useless arms, for paralytic legs?"

The pale face grew paler, and a scornful smile gleamed out of restless, eager eyes.

"Oh, Victor! Victor! the battle is but half fought, the glory only half won when you utter these thoughts.

Victor partially raised himself, leaning on one arm and speaking haughtily.

"If you think I implied regret at *gi* my mite to this war you are wholly mistaken, Margaret."

"No, no! I did not mean that, believe me; but it is right for all to be thankful, and I meant you had not gained one of the direct purposes of suffering."

"Pray what is that?"

Margaret's head drooped as she answered,

"Gratitude for having shared in even the least degree that which was endured for us all by our Master."

Victor's voice had lowered before he replied,

"I am no Carmelite, Margaret, nor one of those who believe that mere bodily pain can make us like the Divine One."

"But it can help—it can indeed."

She was so afraid to speak of these things that she dared not say all she was thinking. She wanted to assure him that a better appreciation of the great sacrifice lay in his power than in hers, rejoicing as she was, in health and vigor; but different leaven had been working in his mind, for he suddenly resumed again in his cutting ironical tone:

"Ah, it is easy to preach of thankfulness in purple and fine linen to the ragged, beggarly horde! You have heard the sermon to-day, you have given thanks devoutly, and now—stand a little farther off that I may look at you—you are going to the sumptuous dinner; but you do not care for the viands, your esthetic palate is to be cajoled. I wonder who will whisper the most tasteful, delicate flatteries; who will offer the most poetic draughts, spiced carefully for such dainty lips! Let me see. The sheen of your silk dazzles—I must shade my weak vision—it is very beautiful; and the lace at your throat, how soft and downy—you call it a *ruche*, I believe; the rose, too, in your hair is red, rosier than your fair face, red as the blood I have seen on battle-fields—"

"Madge! Madge! where are you? Come out of this dungeon. We are waiting for you. What are you two crooning over? Victor, you look as sour as green grapes. Look at me; am I not bewitching? See, I am *en militaire*.

The fairest little being, robed in pink tarlatan, danced in and thrust her curly pate down on her brother's arm, chattering all the while.

"You have kept Madge ever so long; isn't she a darling?"

"What is that she wears on her neck-lace, Josey?"

"A cross, a pearl cross: Madge, let him see it!"

"Don't ask her, Josey. She is angry with me. Is that the way you women wear crosses made of pearls and hung on a golden chain? How heavy they must be!"

"Stop, Victor, stop, you are outrageous. Madge has gone, and I shall go too; but look at the buttons in my ears."

"Petite sauvage! why make holes in such little pink sea-shells of auriculas?"

"I don't know what you mean. I wear army button ear-rings to match this army button bracelet, and they are lovely. But, Vic, I wish you had your dear old leg again so we could have a redowa—and how splendidly you used to lead the German! Oh, it is too bad! I shall just cry."

"And make your eyes read. Oh no, Josey; come, dance off with yourself. Who's to be there?"

"Everybody."

"Tell me who Margaret dances with."

"She won't dance in war times, she says. Isn't she old foggy. She came up to me the other night and said the music ought to be funeral marches instead of giddy waltzes."

"Was that after I came home?"

"No, before; and you know how magnificently she plays. Well, she would

not touch the piano except to give us the adagio of one of Beethoven's symphonies, or something else so sad that we could hardly keep from tears; but I must go, Vic. Good-bye; don't get blue here all alone. I suppose you would rather have a book than my delectable society?"

"Oh yes, chatter-box; adieu!"

The light steps danced down the hall; other steps and other voices echoed, died away; the carriage wheels rolled off, and silence reigned.

Victor took up his book; the print was too fine; so he was obliged to relinquish it, wishing he had some one to read aloud to him. Margaret had so often read to him that the words began to bear more clearness and power from her voice than any other, but he had provoked her now. It was not a pleasant reverie in which he was indulging; alone, crippled, feverish, restless; he who had prided himself on his independence and manly strength. But he did not regret having spoken as he did to Margaret; it rather satisfied him to resent kindness and patience with cool sarcasm; it was his masculine protest against forbearance and gentleness. "Thankful, grateful—I have no need, I wish to have no need for such words. Has she not left me all alone here to gnash my teeth at fate, to ponder over my uselessness and miserable good-for-nothingness, while she dances off to a dinner—a Thanksgiving dinner? And why should she not go? What does she owe me that she should deny herself any pleasure? Nothing. To be sure I once told her—I was fool enough then—that no other woman in the world had so great a sway over my actions; con-

found it! She has tightened the rein till the bit cuts at every pull; but I am revenging myself. I hurt her nicely to-night. She's a good little Christian, and does not like to be thought a Pharisee."

A little table stood near with convenient trifles. A book of larger type caught his eye, Mrs. Browning's "Last Poems." It opened of itself, as if it knew the hand accustomed to hold it (not Victor's), at the hundred and seventy-eighth page. Down the tenth, eleventh, and twelfth verses was scored lightly a pencil mark. For one vivid moment he knew what one woman had suffered in all the dreary time of his silent imprisonment in Richmond, and like an avenging weapon those verses cut in deeply. He tried to shake it off; he tried to think some other hand had opened these pages so often that the leaves fell apart at this one place. He knew better; and knowing it, self-reproach added to his dreariness. His bell rang so furiously that the servant feared some accident and rushed breathlessly in.

"Did the ladies say when they would return, Joanna?"

"No, sir; but not until late I'm sure, sir."

"Ask them when they come—no, you need not either. Bring me a glass of water."

"Yes, sir."

He was very restless and feverish, and lay with closed eyes as quick steps indicated Joanna's return. But the step was lighter, and a cool hand laid softly on his brow made him start.

A quiet figure in gray merino, with only a blue bow knotted under the linen

collar, stood near him — thick, drooping, wavy curls hid her eyes.

"I thought you had gone!" was the half-impatient exclamation.

"I changed my mind at the last moment."

"To heap coals of fire on my head, I suppose."

"Victor, drink this water; you have fever; don't talk."

"I must."

"Not now; let me read." She had opened a book, and crouched down on a low ottoman, her face shaded by her hand, began to read. The voice was like a chime of low, sweet bells, but they seemed to jangle in Victor's ears. He tossed and turned, and finally put out his hand and grasped the book.

"Pardon me, Margaret."

"Shall I go away, Victor?"

"Yes."

There was not a tinge of sentiment or sadness in her words, but they were very calm and low.

"I only came because I saw you were worse and needed recreation," rising as she spoke.

"Do you call this recreation?"

"No, it is very evident I have done harm."

"More than you can repair, Margaret."

He was not now speaking satirically, and she looked at him with amazement.

"You have made me break a resolution so strong that it was nearly a vow."

"I Victor?"

"Yes, you, with your calmness and womanly gentleness, your terrible malignity."

She knew not what he meant; and though she had determined not to be weak, tears would come; just one passionate outburst, which she quelled proudly the moment they were shed. But he saw them, and drew her toward his couch.

"This is the way I have to sue for pardon, lying helpless, maimed for life. I had rather you had killed me, Margaret, than force me so to love you that I can not longer hide it. Oh, Margaret, Margaret, it was cruel! I, who shall never ask any woman to be my wife."

Margaret put out her hand very coolly.

"Good-night, Victor."

"Must you go? Then I am mistaken. I hoped you cared for me, Margaret, in spite of my detestable behaviour."

"Yes, I must go, Victor."

"It has been very tiresome for you here, Margaret, listening to my folly."

"No, I did not care to go out."

Her perfect indifference at last enraged him, as she knew it would.

"You seem to be in no way moved at my misery. I did not know you were so cold and heartless."

"What would you have me say?"

"Drop some delicious grains of pity; sweeten the bitter pill with honeyed phrases."

"I am very sorry this has happened."

"But that is a cant expression. You are generally original."

She was silent again, and moved toward the door. He detained her, grasping her hand.

"Among all your thanks to-day can you spare a little forgiveness?"

"For what?"

"For my rudeness and harshness."
His voice was gentle again.

"There is more to forgive than that."

"I dare say; but I am in earnest.
Don't go yet. Do you forgive me?"

"No!"—firmly, softly, but emphatically.

"And why not? Is my sin so heinous?"

"The man is not a brave one who tells a woman he loves her but will not ask her to be his wife."

"Margaret!"

She went on as indifferently and coolly as if discussing some novel.

"It is not brave, nor is it honest, for he may have won her love in some strange way."

"But she should let him know," said Victor, half amazed and half amused.

"A true woman's self-respect is a barrier to that."

"Victor bit his lip.

"A cripple, doomed to drag a footless stump after him all his life, has no right to ask a young and beautiful, no, nor an old and ugly, woman to be his wife."

"Who has laid down that law?"

"A true man's self-respect is the barrier."

Margaret glanced up, a very sunbeam of a smile playing over her features.

"It is a dead-lock, Victor."

"It shall not be, Margaret, if you will just stoop down here a moment."

"What for?"

"Now I have both your hands; tell me, do you, dare you love me?"

There was no answer, and her curls drooped over her face. He repeated the question, but she would not reply.

For a moment or two his pale face worked. It was hard for him to make the attempt he had almost sworn not to do—so hard, that for a moment he faltered.

But the temptation was irresistible, and he saw that nothing else would compel Margaret to answer, so he spoke:

"Margaret, will you be my wife?"

"Yes, Victor," came the answer, clearly spoken.

"The wife of a cripple?"

She crushed the words with a kiss.

For a long while there was stillness, Victor claspng tightly Margaret's hands as if afraid she would elude them, but in place of the pain and feverish irritability on his features was a look of very expressive content.

Margaret's tears were so nearly falling that it was some time before she could ask Victor what he was thinking of, so unusual was his silence.

"Keeping my Thanksgiving at last," was the reply.

MY BOY.

ROSE TERRY.

EVERY human being, I believe, has some trait, or expression, or power peculiar to themselves, that is the seal of their own individuality. I begin with such a "credo," because it is necessary in order to explain the peculiar but faithfully true incident I have to narrate that I should confess my own specialty. Everybody confides in me! I do not mean that they trust, or love, or ask help from me; but something in my mental or moral nature seems to lay a

spell, even on strangers; and I have had personal histories of the most delicate nature, things I would scarcely tell my sister, poured into my ears by persons I had not known ten days. This curious and often embarrassing gift of mine was never more strongly exemplified than one day, about a month ago, when I was walking up the broad bright streets of my native city. There could have been nothing in my face to attract confidence, for I was very tired, full of care and anxiety, and hastening home without even a glance at the people I met, when suddenly a woman stepped before me and said, in a peculiar excited tone:

"Do you want to see my boy?"

My wits are rather quick, thanks to long training in emergencies, and at once I thought, "A crazy person! take it coolly, don't show her you know it." So I said with entire composure and a certain degree of suavity, quite unsurprised.

"Oh yes, where is he?"

"There he is, said she, indicating with the tip of her parasol one daguerreotype out of some hundred, that filled a large showcase leaning against the side of a door.

I looked, expecting to see some fat urchin, ruffled and bare armed, with a whip or an apple, looking crosser than life and more stolid than nature; for I had jumped to the feminine conclusion that this strange appeal was a burst of maternal pride in some simple soul, altogether carried away by the depicted beauties of her baby: but I saw instead a young man's figure, dressed in uniform; a thoroughly New England face, "hard-

avored" (as we say in Connecticut), a certain gravity and sadness on the long uncomely feature, the prominent mouth set firmly, the cool eyes looking straight forward, the hands dropped, nothing more attractive in the visage than a steady expression; one could scarce imagine that even a mother's eye could find it pleasant to look on.

I looked from the picture to her; she was a middle-aged, common-place looking woman, well and neatly dressed in deep mourning, evidently from the country; her whole face stirred with suppressed feeling. I had to say something — so I spoke:

"He is in the army?"

"He's dead!"

I despair of giving these two words in print; I did not know that one phrase could be so overburdened with expression. I felt at once that there was only one fact in the world to her, only one idea — possessing and transfusing agony that could not recognise any thing in life but itself; that even knew not in its blind rage, whether she spoke or thought; careless of forms or persons; intent to speak as a severed artery is to bleed, yet simply instinctive in doing so. The very dynamic force of her anguish made it utter itself in words.

I was struck dumb. I was like one blundering into a foreign tongue, what could I say? I stammered out a blunt inquiry:

"Was he shot?"

"Shot at Bull Run — and they brought him home."

"You had him with you then?"

"Oh yes! He was just through

College. The best boy! going to be a minister; so good and so smart. Why the President said at his funeral it was a mysterious Providence."

"But it was splendid to have him die for his country," said I.

As soon as I had said it I could have bitten my tongue for offering to this broken heart such oratorical stuff as that. She took no notice of it.

"He was so good: knew so much: if he had lived he would have done so much more all his life, — and he's dead."

She faced round upon me with these last words till I felt imbecile again.

"Was *he* sorry he went!" said I.

"No he thought he ought to. I asked him when he was a-dying, if he could forgive the man that shot him. 'Why, mother!' says he, 'I haven't anything against him, he didn't mean to shoot me specially; I suppose he thought he ought to fire his gun as much as I thought I ought to fire mine. I could shake hands with him now.'"

"You had a real hero for your son."

"He's dead," was all she said, with dreadful iteration; the tears running over her eyelids, without her consciousness apparently, and her whole face as still with intensity as the band of a wheel that moves so fast it seems to stand still.

"But after all," said I, "you are a blessed woman to have made such a sacrifice to your country; I wish day and night I had a man to send to the war, and I haven't one!"

This was equally unheeded: she went on — "I can't see why he should have

died, he was so good; he was all the son I'd got, and I thought he'd grow up to be a comfort to me, and everybody spoke well of him? he'd have done a great deal more good if he'd lived; I can't see it — and he's dead!"

"But you know God always does right, if it does seem hard now," said I, in despair of making my way gradually to these heights, that are the very citadel of the soul, and which one instinctively shrinks from entering without cautious approach. She turned round upon me with a mingled look of weariness and anger.

"Did you ever lose a son in the war?" said she, almost fiercely.

That appeal cowed me at once, for I felt all it implied; my tongue faltered and my heart slunk away before hers, as I said faintly.

"No."

"Then you don't know anything about it; it's no use for you to talk. I can't have it so! I tell you *he's dead!*"

Just here she caught the eye of a friend, and turned to speak to her. I made my escape. I could not have borne another minute the sight of her grief. I have never seen her since; though I found out her name and her dwelling-place, and if ever I go through that pretty river town I will ask about her, most surely, for I never can forget her or her son. Yet strange to say as I walked away from that interview, stunned and dumb, only these words kept reiterating themselves in my mind:

"For God so loved the world, He gave his only-begotten Son."

Phil. Sheridan Riding to the Front

The victory gained, on October 19, 1864, at Cedar Creek, surpassed in interest the victory gained precisely one month earlier at Winchester. It was a victory following upon the heels of apparent reverse, and therefore reflecting peculiar credit on the brave commander to whose timely arrival upon the field the final success of the day must be attributed.

The General was at Winchester in the early morning when the enemy attacked—fifteen miles distant from the field of operations. General WRIGHT was in command. The enemy had approached under cover of a heavy fog, and flanking the extreme right of the Federal line, held by CROOK's Corps, and attacking in the centre, had thrown the entire line into confusion, and driven it several miles. The stragglers to the rear were fearfully numerous, and the enemy was pushing on, turning against the Federals a score of guns already captured from them.

This was the situation a little before noon when SHERIDAN came on the field, riding, says one of his staff, so that the devil himself could not have kept up. A staff-officer meeting him pronounced the situation of the army to be "awful."

"Pshaw," said SHERIDAN, "it's nothing of the sort. It's all right, or we'll fix it right!"

SHERIDAN hastened to his cavalry on the extreme left. "Galloping past the batteries," says the *World* correspondent, "to the extreme left of the line held by

the cavalry, he rode to the front, took off his hat and waved it, while a cheer went up from the ranks not less hearty and enthusiastic than that which greeted him after the battle of Winchester. Generals rode out to meet him, officers waved their swords, men threw up their hats in an extremity of glee. General CUSTER, discovering SHERIDAN at the moment he arrived, rode up to him, threw his arms around his neck, and kissed him on the cheek. Waiting for no other parley than simply to exchange greeting, and to say, 'This retreat must be stopped!' Sheridan broke loose and began galloping down the lines, along the whole front of the army. Everywhere the enthusiasm caused by his appearance was the same."

The line was speedily re-formed; provost-marshals brought in stragglers by the scores; the retreating army turned its face to the foe. An attack just about to be made was repulsed, and the tide of battle turned. Then SHERIDAN'S time was come. Cavalry charge was ordered against right and left flank of the enemy, and then a grand advance of the three infantry corps from left to right on the enemy's centre. "On through Middletown," says the correspondent above quoted, "and beyond, the enemy hurried, and the Army of the Shenandoah pursued. The roar of musketry now had a gleeful, dancing sound. The guns fired shotted salutes of victory. CUSTER and MERRITT, charging in on right and left, doubled up the flanks of the foe, taking prisoners, slashing, killing, driving as they went. The march of the infantry was more

majestic and more terrible. The lines of the foe swayed and broke before it every where. Beyond Middletown, on the battle-field fought over in the morning their columns were completely overthrown and disorganized. They fled along the pike and over the fields like sheep."

Thus on through Strasburgh with two brigades of cavalry at their heels. Two thousand prisoners were gathered together, though there was not a sufficient guard to send them all to the rear. The guns lost in the morning were recaptured, and as many more taken, making fifty in all, and, according to SHERIDAN's report, the enemy reached Mont Jackson without an organized regiment.

The scene at SHERIDAN's headquarters at night, after the battle, was wildly exciting. "General CUSTER arrived about 9 o'clock. The first thing he did was to hug General SHERIDAN with all his might, lifting him in the air, whirling him around and around, with the shout: "By —, we've cleaned them out and got the guns!" Catching sight of General TORBERT, CUSTER went through the same proceeding with him, until TORBERT was forced to cry out: 'There, there, old fellow; don't capture me!'"

SHERIDAN's ride to the front, October 19, 1864, will go down in history as one of the most important and exciting events which have ever given interest to a battle-scene; and to this event will be attributed the victory of the day. Says General GRANT, "Turning what bid fair to be a disaster into a glorious victory stamps SHERIDAN what I always thought of him, one of the ablest of Generals."

A Recollection of Gettysburg.†

A few days after the dreadful battle of Gettysburg, when more than twenty thousand badly wounded men filled the inns, the churches, the private homes, the farm-houses, the barns, the sheds, the extemporized canvas-hospitals, which made that fair region a spectacle of boundless misery, I went out to the field-hospitals of the third corps, four miles from town, where twenty-four hundred wounded men lay in their tents, a vast camp of mutilated humanity. Who can ever describe, or would wish to describe if he could, the various and horrible forms of injury represented in the persons of the victims of that glorious and decisive fight! But amid all their sufferings, an air of triumph animated the pale faces of those ranks of heroes, even on their dying beds. No murmurs mingled with the sighs of their exhaustion or the groans of their anguish.

One woman, young and fair, but grave and earnest, clothed in purity and mercy, — the only woman in the whole vast camp — moved in and out of the hospital tents, speaking some tender word, giving some cordial, holding the hand of a dying boy, or receiving the last words of a husband for his widowed wife; I can never forget how, amid scenes which, under ordinary circumstances, no woman could have appeared in without gross indecorum, the holy pity and purity of this angel of mercy made her presence seem as fit as though she had indeed dropped out of heaven. The men themselves, sick or well, all seemed awed and

purified by such a resident among them.

Separated from the main camp by a shallow stream, running through a deep ravine, was a hospital where, with perhaps fifty of our own men, more than two hundred wounded rebels had been placed. Under sudden and violent rains, this shallow stream had in a few hours swollen to such a torrent as actually to sweep away, beyond recovery, several wounded men who lay, thoughtless of any new peril, sleeping on its banks. For three days the flood kept at an unfordable height, and the wretched hospital of the rebels was cut off from medicine and supplies by the impossibility of reaching it. A brave young lieutenant repeatedly swam the torrent with a bag of medicines and small comforts in his mouth, the only communication that was had meanwhile.

Accompanied by the young woman above named, I found my way, at the earliest moment possible, to the unwillingly neglected scene. The place was a barn and stable. Every foot of it was occupied by a wretched sufferer, clad usually in the ragged gray of the rebel uniform. Those above in the barn might almost be said to be in heaven, as compared with those below it the stable, who might with equal truth be said to be in hell. For upon heaps of dung, reeking with rain, and tormented with vermin, their wounds still undressed, and many longing for amputation, as the happy long for food or drink, lay fair and noble youth, with evidences of gentle breeding in their fine-cut features, and hunger, despair, and death in their bright and hollow eyes. The surgeon

had at length got to work among them, and limbs just cut off, (one I recollect, with the heavy shoe and stocking still upon it,) lay in dreadful carelessness, in full view, about the place.

Having exhausted the little store of comforts we had brought with us, one of the sufferers said to Miss G., "Ma'am, can't you sing a little hymn!" "O yes, I'll sing you a song that will do for either side;" and there, in the midst of that band of neglected sufferers, she stood, and with a look of heavenly pity and earnestness, her eyes raised to God, sung,— "When this cruel war is over," in a clear, pleading voice, that made me remove my hat, and long to cast myself upon my knees! Sighs and groans ceased; and while the song went on pain seemed charmed away. The moment it stopped, one poor fellow, who had lost his right arm, raised his left and said, "O, ma'am, I wish I had my other arm back, if it was only to clap you."

In that barn a noble matron from Philadelphia was doing her utmost for those two hundred wounded prisoners. She had been with them all the time, using such scanty means as she could master to alleviate their misery. I returned to Gettysburg and sent out a heavy wagon load of supplies, food, medicines, and clothing, to those poor wretches that night. What was my surprise, only last week, on visiting our rooms at Washington, to find this noble lady there, with a face fuller of anguish than any of those she had ministered to in that place of torment. She had at her home in Philadelphia, yesterday, received from her son, in the army of

the Potomac, a telegraphic despatch, "Mother, I am to be shot on Wednesday next, under a charge of desertion." Knowing the groundlessness of the charge, in any intent of her faithful son, and yet, the dreadful haste and awful necessities of military discipline, it seemed only too probable that her boy, for some venial offence, was really, in a few hours, to lose his precious life by a disgraceful death! We had known the mother's spirit too well to believe in the son's guilt. Direct and earnest interposition with the President was made from our office for a postponement of the sentence and a new trial. The boy was saved that sudden and doubtless unjust sentence, for his mother's sake, and because she had loved much her son was forgiven.

H. W. B.

Jottings from the Battle Field

[From Chaplain Lovering's Note Book.]

PATRICK hails from Massachusetts, for 'twas there he "listed." He feels bound, therefore, whenever opportunity presents itself, to stand up for the Old Bay State. One night Capt. Perry, in order to start him, said: "Well, Paddy, what about Massachusetts these days?" "Be-gorry, an' she's all right," was his hearty reply. "Let me see," continued the Captain, in a hesitating manner: "You enlisted there, didn't you?" "Thru for you that I did." "And you were married there, wern't you?" "Thru for you agin," said Paddy, with a sigh; "an' that same wer' the worst job I iver had in Massachusetts, an' that wer' me own fault."

"What sort of a wife did you get?" "The laist ye say av' her 's the best, Cap'tn; twan't much of a courtin' I had," he continued. "Belike 'twas as if I wint to-night to a wake—ye know what that be?—I thought so—an' to-morrow night I'd be in front of a Praste, the Lord help me." "How did you like your wife?" said the captain. "How did I like her? As a well man likes medicine. Be-gorra, the way she liked me was to get three hundert an' sivity-five dollars av' me bounty, and that's the last I see av' her, an' be the same takin it 's all I want to." "I shall take warning from what you say, Paddy, and be careful not to get married," said Dr. H. "Och, Dochter, that's not the way; 'twould be like stoppin' up all the little springs becuse one man dhrouned himself in the say. There 's better luck for the likes av' yese; I wouldn't be demaning meself spaking agin' all av' them—the wimmen, I mean." A good wife is a blessing, an' the worst gets one, av' they look out." "I'm afraid after what you've said that I've not the courage to try." Och, Dochter, don't be down-hearted; 'twas the bewilderment of the whiskey that make the thruble wid me; an' there's no danger av' that wid you. Shure an't you a temperance man—tell me that now? "For all that, I might make a mistake, so I'll be contented as I am." Paddy's face fell. He was silent for a while, watching the Doctor out of the corner of his eye. At last he heaved a profound sigh, and looking at me, said: "Chaplain, is the Doctor in arnest, d'ye think?" "He seems to be," I said. "Well, thin," said Paddy, doubtfully,

"there's one woman to be pitied in the State of Maine, —, or elsewhere."

A POOR, tired, dirty, forlorn-looking soldier who had fallen out of the column on the line of march, and is making all the speed he can to get into camp with his fellows, comes up to a place where there is a number of surgeons with some hospital attendants. "Hello, thar," he shouts as he passes, "Who'll trade?" "Trade what?" answers a round apple-face drummer. "My gun for a shirt-collar," says soldier as he plods on, with a chuckle. Just as he gets by, a Surgeon comes up followed by his man tugging away at an old pack-horse, scarcely able to stumble along. Soldier calls out with an oath which will not bear repeating: "You're a mean cuss, you are; let that old horse go and beat it honorably."

DEAR old Uncle John Vassar! who will ever forget him; so quaint, so brave, so helpful. One day I said to him: "Uncle John, if you wear that grey suit you'll get into trouble; somebody will run against you as a suspicious character." "I'm not afraid," he replied, "our boys won't shoot me, they know Uncle John too well, and if the Rebs catch me they won't keep me long. They got me once and held me only two hours." "How did you get away?" "I told them they'd either got to let me go or else have camp meetings all the way to Richmond." "So they let you go, Uncle John?" "Yes," he replied, with a cheerful laugh. "They said they couldn't

stand Yankee preaching, that was wosse'n bullets."

A MAN was brought into the Hospital. He had been fatally wounded. The Dr. met him. "Well, Dr." said the man, "We are giving it to them; they are on the run. Johnny Reb will get heavy rations to-day. Bully for us!" "How is it with you?" questioned Dr. Hersom; "Where are you wounded?" "Me! I'm hit here," was the reply, as the man put his hand on his bowels. "A bad wound," said the Dr. "Yes," was the response; "I'm done for, I suppose; but never mind that, the Johnnies are running! The flag is all right!"

HARK! Singing! Where? By whom? On the operating table—by a man who dreams of home while the sharp knife cuts the quivering flesh, and the saw eats its swift way through the bone. "Kiss me again, Mother," he says. How clear and full his voice. Alas! one short hour, and then the life which had bounded with love of home and country,—the life that had been so full of endurance and courage, goes out. Another shadow darkens another home,—another shadow adds to the gloom of war.

* Noble Women of the War.

Mrs. Eliza Potter was the daughter of Scottish parents of intelligence, piety, and worth, but was herself born in the North of Ireland. She emigrated to this country when thirteen years of age, and after acquiring a good education

* From "Women's Work in the Civil War." By L. P. BROCKETT. Published 1867.

was married while yet very young to Mr. Lorenzo T. Potter, a native of Providence, R. I., but then, as now, a merchant of Charleston, S. C.

When the leaders of the rebellion, of which Charleston was the birth-place, began to talk of Secession, Mr. Potter was silent, but when his opinion was demanded avowed himself heartily and fully devoted to the National cause and the National flag.

Late in the autumn of 1861, a few Union prisoners, some of them wounded, were brought to Charleston, and Mrs. Potter, true to her principles, at once set about supplying them with needed comforts and ministering to them. She had the gratification of knowing that, owing in a good degree to her care, they were nearly all restored to their ranks in health and condition to do further service to their country.

In June, 1862, occurred the disastrous battle of James Island, in which the Union forces lost some four hundred or more prisoners, most of them wounded. These were brought into Charleston, and nothing could exceed the fury and hatred manifested toward them by nearly all classes of the white population of the city. Fair and delicately-nurtured women, who boasted of their superior refinement and culture, were ready to propose their murder in cold blood, and to express the hope that they would die of their wounds. All pity, all sympathy, all womanly tenderness seemed to have fled from the hearts of these furies. No sooner did Mrs. Potter learn of the arrival of those poor wounded prisoners than she determined to nurse and care

for them. To do this was a matter of great difficulty. She was in delicate health, and the few *quasi* Union women who still maintained their intimacy with her protested strongly against her undertaking such a work in her condition; the military authorities had issued orders that no further attentions should be bestowed upon them than such as were necessary to prevent a pestilence, and the surgeon in charge was a rabid Secessionist, brutal and profane. The place assigned as a hospital for them was an old negro-pen and mart, long used for the confinement and sale of slaves, with its kitchen and other out-buildings. There was no floor but earth, and it was a filthy and miserable den, into which any man of common humanity would have shrunk from thrusting a sick or wounded beast.

Mrs. Potter comprehended the situation at once. She saw that her only chance for accomplishing her purpose of ministering to those wounded soldiers must be through this rebel surgeon, and with skillful diplomacy she began to study the best method of influencing him. He had a mother in Charleston with whom she had had a slight acquaintance, though never hitherto a willing one. Now, however, she visited her with some presents of articles not readily procurable, and talked with her about her son. She soon found that he was ambitious of promotion, and was looking forward with some anxious longings to an appointment as grand surgeon to the large hospitals at Richmond. Here was something to work upon. Having ascertained at what time he

would be at home, she returned and met him in the evening, and after listening to his ribald denunciation of the Vandals, asked to be allowed to visit the hospital as a matter of curiosity. He objected very strongly; said it was not a fit place for a lady to go to, "that the — rascals didn't deserve any pity or attention; he wished he was rid of them, and he would be soon; he'd wing them." By dint of urgency and more potent appliances, however, she obtained permission to visit the hospital the next morning. She had been forewarned that many of the men had been deprived of their clothing, "removed," the surgeon said, "to get at their wounds," but, in fact, stolen; and she had provided herself with portions of sheets and some hospital clothing, as well as cordials and such simple nourishment as could be most readily administered to them. A servant brought these to the foul den which the rebels had taken for an hospital, and Mrs. Potter and her son, a noble, brave boy of fifteen, received them and entered the place. What an appalling sight met their eyes! Almost four hundred men suffering from wounds of every description, and, with hardly an exception, entirely nude, lay scattered over the filthy earth-floor, without blanket, mattress, pillow, sheet, or even straw to rest upon; their wounds undressed, covered with flies and maggots, and tortured with thirst. The only attendants were the lowest dregs of the white population of the city, thieves and prostitutes taken from the slums or from the jails to wait on these poor fellows; and actuated by the same feelings as

their superiors in station, they cursed the poor wounded men, jeered at and reviled them, and when compelled to furnish them with water or food, they took care that both should be as unpalatable as possible, and administered in such a way as to increase their sufferings.

Sending her son before her to lay gently on each mangled and suffering body a part of a sheet or other covering for its nakedness, Mrs. Potter advanced into the room and administered, so far as possible, cordials, soft custard, and other nourishment to the men, and washed and cleansed their wounds. In these ministrations of mercy she was constantly insulted and taunted by the vile wretches who were acting as professed attendants, and was told that "her white neck would get stretched if she went to do for them Vandals." In the negro kitchen adjoining the main building she found a soldier from one of the Connecticut regiments, wounded in the head and shoulder, who had been thrown down with his head and neck resting in the ash-pit or fire-place of the kitchen; the oozing blood and the lukewarm water which had been thrown upon his wounds had made a lye with the ashes, which had eaten through a large portion of the skin of the neck and back of the head. She relieved him as far as possible, and having accomplished all she could that day, she set out for home, after arranging for another interview with the surgeon. She remonstrated with him in regard to the wretched condition of the wounded prisoners, but he declared that it was good

enough for them, the — Vandal; it was better than they deserved. "That may be," said Mrs. Potter, "but you cannot afford to have them left in that condition; you are looking for promotion to a Richmond hospital, and you can only obtain it by proving that you know how to manage a hospital well. If with all the difficulties in your way, you can make this a model hospital, you will have earned and will doubtless receive promotion." He saw the reasonableness of this, but said that the Confederate authorities would not furnish him with the necessary hospital supplies to make it a good hospital. "I can help you in that matter," said Mrs. Potter. "Appoint me a nurse in your hospital, and I will furnish you the necessary beds and bedding for the men, and such comforts and special articles of diet as they may need, and will perform a nurse's duty beside; and very soon you can demonstrate your claim to a better position." The surgeon objected to this, that she ought not to be brought into contact with such wretches as were then the nurses in the hospital. She replied that if she chose to take that risk he need not be anxious about it, and finally succeeded in obtaining from him the appointment, he drawing her pay and rations.

She entered upon her duties at once. In a factory of her husband's, near Charleston, then closed, there were a large number of mattresses which had been used by his hands. These she had brought to the hospital, furnished with suitable bedding, and she drew upon her home stores for the necessary hos-

pital clothing, as well as the food and delicacies needed. She endeavored to persuade the other nurses and attendants to wash the soiled clothing of the men, but they refused, and, whenever it was removed, destroyed it; and she was compelled to hire, at her own expense, the washing for all the patients in the hospital. She expended over eleven hundred dollars in this work alone. She dressed the wounds of the men herself, and with the aid of her son kept them cleanly and comfortable. This involved, in such a miserable and filthy place, a vast amount of labor—much of it of the most unpleasant character—but she never shrank from it; and in a short time that hospital was superior in neatness and comfort to any other in Charleston. The surgeon took all the glory to himself. "This is the way I keep *my* hospital," he would say to the rebel officers who visited him, and several times he was censured by the rebel authorities for suffering the "Vandals" to be so comfortable. Poor fellows! very little of their comfort was due to any kind offices of his. At times the old ferocity of his nature would gleam out, even in his intercourse with Mrs. Potter. One day, a soldier who had received some terrible wounds in the head, one of which had laid bare a portion of the brain, attracted her attention; the maggots, by hundreds, were crawling over his wounds, and he seemed to be suffering intensely. She carefully removed the loathsome creatures, washed his wounds tenderly, and laid cool, wet cloths upon them. He had not for some time previously shown any consciousness,

but when she had completed her task he groped for her hands, and seizing them, cried out, "Mother! mother!" She was affected to tears by this; and as he still held her hands with his firm grasp, though seemingly dying or dead, she was compelled to wait a little before she could remove them.

The next day, as she came into the hospital, the surgeon said to her, "Oh, Mrs. Potter, I have something I want to show you. Come this way." She followed him as he went to the dead-house, one of the miserable appendages of the hospital. Calling her attention to a rough box, he slipped off the cover and exposed the body of the poor sufferer, covered completely with maggots, (its only covering), and said with a sneering tone, "There's your pet!"

Symptoms of scurvy began to make their appearance among the men, and finding it impossible to obtain a sufficiency of oranges, lemons, and limes in the Charleston market, Mrs. Potter sent to Nassau, N. P., for them, and ran the blockade repeatedly with her small ventures of tropical fruits. She made it a rule to refuse nothing to a wounded soldier which it was in her power to obtain, let the cost be what it might; and more than once, when tropical fruits were scarcest, and the Confederate currency seriously depreciated, she paid ten dollars each for oranges for her patients. Occasionally she brought them flowers, but the surgeon, partly, perhaps, at the prompting of other rebels, prohibited this, because it was giving aid and comfort to the enemy.

Mrs. Potter's labors for the Union

prisoners, though conducted quietly and as secretly as possible, drew down upon her the scorn and spite of the rebels, in every form which their malignity could devise. The fences and walls of her dwelling were constantly covered with abusive and obscene inscriptions, attacking alike her character and her motives. One of her servants found almost constant employment in effacing these evidences of petty spite. As she passed along the streets to and from the hospital, women of high social position, who a short time before had been proud of invitation to visit her, drew away their skirts as they passed her, lest they should be polluted by contact with a Union woman; and with nose uplifted and contemptuous shrugs, indicated their contempt for one who dared be a helper of wounded Union soldiers. The lower classes manifested their hate by the foulest and most abusive language.

Twice she was summoned to headquarters to answer to the serious charge of giving aid and comfort to the enemy," and of "shedding tears over the Vandal foe." Her husband was repeatedly questioned by the military authorities as to his wife's giving so much help to the "Vandals:" but he replied always that his wife was a British subject, and therefore not responsible to them for what she did for these wounded men, and that she had resources of her own, which she expended without rendering him an account of them. He, meantime, in every way in his power, aided our soldiers who were in Southern prisons. His money bribed Confederate provost marshals to allow the transmission of

supplies to Andersonville prisoners, when those supplies alone preserved them from a general starvation; his money and supplies reached the prisoners at Columbia and Florence, and mitigated, though it could not wholly prevent the suffering there. The officers imprisoned under fire at Charleston were supplied with all necessary household utensils and food from his table; and those who escaped from the rebel prison found in him a protector, and were sheltered by his care for long periods—one of them for twenty-two months—till there was a feasible chance of escape. A truer-hearted patriot never lived than he.

The soldiers who had been wounded at James Island either died or recovered so far as to be deemed capable of removal to Columbia, Florence, or Salisbury; but others, captured in the siege of Fort Wagner, or on the ruins of Fort Sumter, or elsewhere on the coast, were sent to take their places, and Mrs. Potter found constant employment for her active charities. One incident in connection with the removal of the convalescent prisoners to Columbia, is worthy of record. Knowing that at Columbia they would not in all probability find Union women to nurse them as tenderly as she had done, she devoted several days before their departure to instructing those who were most nearly recovered, to care for the weaker and feebler prisoners, to dress their wounds, and give them nourishment. She had provided bundles of bandages and rags for dressings, and packages of crackers and bread for their journey. These she brought down to the hospital on the

morning of their departure, intending to distribute them to them before they entered the ambulances; but their departure was hastened by the military authorities, and when she arrived they were all in the ambulances. Into each of those she threw a bundle of bandages, but while doing so was arrested by the guard, who charged her with giving the prisoners the means of escape. She explained; but they would listen to no explanation, and surrounded her with their bayonets, threatening her with instant death or with long imprisonment for what she had done; while outside, the howling mob were shouting, "Kill her! Shoot her! Hang her! She is a——Yankee! Run her through!"

&c., &c. Mrs. Potter did not lose her self-possession, though she was aware of the danger she was in, but demanded to be taken to the headquarters. At this moment the surgeon, who was to take charge of the prisoners *en route* to Columbia, rode up, and ascertaining the state of the case, ordered them to "disperse, and leave that woman alone." The guard and the mob at their back, did not like to lose their victim so easily, and refused to release her until he should prove that he is really the surgeon in charge. When he had produced his commission, and the sergeant of the guard had made out the signature of the chief of staff, they sullenly drew back and allowed her to escape.

We have already spoken of their eldest son, the companion of his mother in all her charitable labors, and her comforter in all her sorrows. He was a noble, manly, Christian boy, gentle and tender

in his feelings, yet firm and brave in the maintenance of right. At the beginning of the war he had received from some friend the present of a Union Flag. He prized it highly for the giver's sake, but more highly as the emblem of the Union, and requested his mother to put it away for him till the time should come when it might again wave over a loyal city. He was a pupil in the Charleston High School, and was expecting to graduate there, and enter college in the autumn.

It had, somehow, come to the knowledge of some of the pupils of the high school, sons of some of the rebel aristocracy, that young Potter had this flag, and they demanded it of him, that they might trample on it and destroy it. He refused to surrender it. They threatened him with a whipping, but he was firm. Soon after he told his mother of their threats, and his determination not to give up the flag. She approved his resolution, and told him that he would not be the first who had suffered for the flag of the nation. A few days later he came home and sent to his mother, to ask her to come to his room. He had been most cruelly beaten, and his back was covered with gory stripes, but he made no complaint, except to say, "I can bear this, mother, but I cannot bear to have them abuse you as they do." "Their abuse does not injure me, my son," was her reply; "our Master was reviled and evil-treated, and why should not His servants suffer what He suffered?" The knowledge of this cruel outrage was kept from his father, who was at the time very anxious in regard to the condition of some of the Union soldiers, and who was also greatly har-

assed by the rebels. The young ruffians, when they found their victim determined not to yield, threatened to finish him next time. Mrs. Potter did not believe they would carry out their threat, but she took what precautions she could to prevent her son from being exposed to their malignity. It was, however, all in vain. He was to go to the high school to receive his diploma, before entering college, and when he came, these young villains laid in wait for him, and while one called his attention in another direction, the others set upon him, beat him on the head, and in a few minutes he was borne to his home, bleeding and insensible. He recovered his consciousness for a little time, conversed freely with his mother, of his hopes of heaven, his trust in Jesus, and his faith in the final triumph of the national cause. He acknowledged that he knew those who had assaulted him, but refused to give their names, and prayed for their forgiveness. Delirium soon supervened, and after some months of severe suffering, typhoid fever set in, and death came to relieve his poor bruised and mangled body from further distress. The mother, though at first almost overwhelmed at this terrible affliction, bore up under it with the patience and fortitude of a Christian. Rising from her sick bed, while this sorrow was yet fresh, she sought to relieve her overburdened heart by ministering to those who were suffering in the hospital. Never had her ministrations there been so gentle and tender, or her sympathies so hearty for those who had been wounded in defending the flag. Large numbers of those in the hospital at this time were

very severely wounded, and sank under their wounds. To those she devoted herself especially, pointing them to the great Sacrifice for sin, and in many instances she was permitted to rejoice that they manifested evidence of having given their hearts to the Saviour before they departed.

The soldiers thus tenderly cared for, almost worshipped her. We have seen letters from several of those who survived and returned to the army or to their homes, so touching and earnest in their gratitude that their perusal would affect any reader to tears. Their friends and families of the soldiers, at home, to whom, as often as opportunity could be found, she transmitted the dying messages and keepsakes entrusted to her charge, recognized with the deepest thankfulness their indebtedness to her faithful care for these mementos of the heroic dead.

The cruelties inflicted on the wounded men by the rebel surgeons and attendants affected her deeply. On one occasion she had been moved to tears by some of their barbarities, and though, from fear of depressing the spirits of the men, she generally abstained from weeping in their presence, at this time she could not restrain herself, and shed tears as she performed her usual round of duties for the men. One poor fellow, severely wounded, was near death, and from him she received dying messages and endeavored to prepare him for his coming dissolution. As she left him, she dropped her handkerchief, and presently returned for it, when the dying soldier, looking up in her face, said beseechingly, "It was wet with

your tears, lady; let me keep it on my heart till I die."

There was, naturally enough, among the men an apprehension that their services and sacrifices for their country would be forgotten, and that when the struggle was over and peace had returned, none would remember even the names of those who had laid down their lives to secure the blessings of freedom. This fear Mrs. Potter earnestly combated. "If I live," she said, "to see the return of peace, your deeds shall be recorded for your honor and the everlasting remembrance of the nation: if I die, I will bequeath it as a sacred trust to my children, to see that this work shall not be neglected."

Peace came, but the war had swept away Mrs. Potter's large estate, except twenty thousand dollars which she had expended for the wounded and imprisoned soldiers, and about twice that sum which her husband had given for the same purpose. That, as given for a holy cause, they reckoned saved. But not for a moment did Mrs. Potter hesitate to fulfill her pledge to those dear soldiers of the Republic. A lot was secured in Magnolia Cemetery near Charleston; the Government has undertaken to fence it; the bodies of three hundred and thirty Union soldiers, who died in the prison hospitals of Charleston and were buried in the potter's field of that city, are, this autumn, to be removed to their new resting-place; and partly from the wreck of her own fortune, and partly by personal effort among her friends, this heroic woman has procured the means for the completion of a shaft of ever-

during granite, eighteen feet high, on which is inscribed the legend, IMMORTALITY TO HUNDREDS OF THE DEFENDERS OF AMERICAN LIBERTY AGAINST THE GREAT REBELLION, and with it the names of a hundred and seventy-one of these dead heroes, and a commemorative tribute to the unknown dead soldiers of the Union whose names it was not possible to ascertain. The record of these dead soldiers, imperfect as it is, is due entirely to Mrs. Potter's solicitous care. The name of every soldier who entered the hospital, where it could be ascertained, was carefully entered by her, and copied by her daughter.

The nation's gratitude is due to those who for the love of their country "jeopardized their lives, even unto the death, in the high places of the field;" to those who in rebel prisons, foul, dank and loathsome, battled with starvation and fever, and often sank in the contest; is it not also due, and even in larger measure, to those, who, surrendered by rebels and exposed to all their malignity, suffered a perpetual martyrdom, while ministering to our sick and wounded men, and with no hope of reward, save in an approving conscience and the smile of God, gave their time, their substance, and their lives to the nation's deliverance?

CLARA HARLOWE BARTON.

Miss Barton was born in North Oxford, Worcester County, Massachusetts. Her father, Stephen Barton, Sr., was a man highly esteemed in the community in

which he dwelt, and by which his worth was most thoroughly known.

Three days after Major Anderson had lowered his flag in Charleston Harbor, the Sixth Massachusetts Militia started for Washington. Their passage through Baltimore, on the 19th of April, 1861, is a remarkable point in our national history. The next day about thirty of the sick and wounded were placed in the Washington Infirmary, where the Judiciary Hospital now stands. Miss Barton proceeded promptly to the spot to ascertain their condition and afford such voluntary relief as might be in her power. Hence, if she was not the first person in the country in this noble work, no one could have been more than a few hours before her. The regiment was quartered at the Capitol, and as those early volunteers will remember, troops on their first arrival were often very poorly provided for. The 21st of April happened to be Sunday. No omnibuses ran that day, and street cars as yet were not; so she hired five colored persons, loaded them with baskets of ready prepared food, and proceeded to the Capitol. The freight they bore served as countersign and pass; she entered the Senate Chamber, and distributed her welcome store. Many of the soldiers were from her own neighborhood, and as they thronged around her, she stood upon the steps to the Vice President's chair and read to them from a paper she had brought, the first written history of their departure and their journey. These two days were the first small beginnings of her military experience,—steps which naturally led to much else. Men wrote home their own impressions

of what they saw; and her acts found ready reporters. Young soldiers whom she had taught or known as boys a few years before, called to see her on their way to the front. Troops were gathering rapidly, and hospitals—the inevitable shadows of armies—were springing up and getting filled. Daily she visited them, bringing to the sick news, and delicacies and comforts of her own procuring, and writing letters for those who could not write themselves. Mothers and sisters heard of her, and begged her to visit this one and that, committing to her care letters, socks, jellies and the like. Her work and its fame grew week by week, and soon her room, for she generally had but one, became sadly encumbered with boxes, and barrels and baskets, of the most varied contents. Through the summer of 1862, the constant stock she had on hand averaged about five tons. The goods were mainly the contributions of liberal individuals, churches and sewing-circles to whom she was personally known. But, although articles of clothing, lint, bandages, cordials, preserved fruits, liquors, and the like might be sent, there was always much which she had to buy herself.

While she was in Fredericksburg, after the battle of the 13th, some soldiers of the corps who had been roving about the city, came to her quarters bringing with great difficulty a large and very costly and elegant carpet. "What is this for?" asked Miss Barton. "It is for you, ma'am," said one of the soldiers; "you have been so good to us, that we wanted to bring you something." "Where did you get it?" she asked. "O! ma'am, we

confiscated it," said the soldiers. "No! no!" said the lady; "that will never do. Governments confiscate. Soldiers when they take such things, steal. I am afraid, my men, you will have to take it back to the house from which you took it. I can't receive a stolen carpet." The men looked sheepish enough, but they shouldered the carpet and carried it back. In the wearisome weeks that followed the Fredericksburg disaster, when there was not the excitement of a coming battle, and the wounded whether detained in the hospitals around Falmouth or forwarded through the deep mud to the hospital transports on the Potomac, still with saddened countenances and depressed spirits looked forward to a dreary future, Miss Barton toiled on, infusing hope and cheerfulness into sad hearts, and bringing the consolations of religion to her aid, pointed them to the only true source of hope and comfort.

In the early days of April, 1863, Miss Barton went to the South with the expectation of being present at the combined land and naval attack on Charleston. She reached the wharf at Hilton Head on the afternoon of the 7th, in time to hear the crack of Sumter's guns as they opened in broadside on Dupont's fleet. That memorable assault accomplished nothing unless it might be to ascertain that Charleston could not be taken by water. The expedition returned to Hilton Head, and a period of inactivity followed, enlivened only by unimportant raids, newspaper correspondence, and the small quarrels that naturally arise in an unemployed army.

Through all the long bombardment that

followed, until Sumter was reduced, and Warner and Gregg was ours, amid the scorching sun and the prevalence of prostrating diseases, though herself more than once struck down with illness, she remained at her post, a most fearless and efficient co-worker with the indefatigable agent of the Sanitary Commission, Dr. M. M. Marsh in saving the lives and promoting the health of the soldiers of the Union army. "How could you," said a friend to her subsequently, "how could you expose your life and health to that deadly heat?" "Why," she answered, evidently without a thought of the heroism of the answer, "the other ladies thought they could not endure the climate, and as I knew somebody must take care of the soldiers, I went."

In January, 1864, Miss Barton returned to the North, and after spending four or five weeks in visiting her friends and recruiting her wasted strength, again took up her position at Washington, and commenced making preparations for the coming campaign which from observation, she was convinced would be the fiercest and most destructive of human life of any of the war. The first week of the campaign found her at the secondary base of the army at Belle Plain, and thence with the great army of the wounded she moved to Fredericksburg. Extensive as had been her preparations, and wide as were the circle of friends who had entrusted to her the means of solace and healing, the slaughter had been so terrific that she found her supplies nearly exhausted, and for the first time during the war was compelled to appeal for further supplies to her friends at the North, expending in

the meantime freely, as she had done all along, of her own private means for the succor of the poor wounded soldiers. Moving on to Port Royal, and thence to the James River, she presently became attached to the Army of the James, where General Butler, at the instance of his Chief Medical Director, Surgeon McCormick, acknowledging her past services, and appreciating her abilities, gave her a recognized position, which greatly enhanced her usefulness, and enabled her, with her energetic nature, to contribute as much to the welfare and comfort of the army in that year, as she had been able to do in all her previous connection with it. In January, 1865, she returned to Washington, where she was detained from the front for nearly two months by the illness and death of a brother and nephew, and did not again join the army in the field.

By this time, of course, she was very generally known, and the circle of her correspondence was wide. Her influence in high official quarters was supposed to be considerable, and she was in the daily receipt of inquiries and applications of various kinds, in particular in regard to the fate of men believed to have been confined in Southern Prisons. The great number of letters received of this class, led her to decide to spend some months at Annapolis, among the camps and records of paroled and exchanged prisoners, for the purpose of answering the inquiries of friends. Her plan of operation was approved by President Lincoln, March 11, 1865, and notice of her appointment as "General Correspondent for the friends of Paroled Prisoners,"

was published in the newspapers extensively, bringing in a torrent of inquiries and letters from wives, parents, State officials, agencies, the Sanitary Commission and the Christian Commission. On reaching Annapolis, she encountered obstacles that were vexatious, time-wasting, and in fact, insupportable. Without rank, rights or authority credited by law, the officials there were at a loss how to receive her. The town was so crowded that she could find no private lodgings, and had to force herself as a scarce welcome guest upon some one for a few days, while her baggage stood out in the snow. Nearly two months were consumed in negotiations before an order was obtained from the War Department to the effect that the military authorities at Annapolis *might* allow her the use of a tent, and its furniture, and a moderate supply of postage stamps. This was not mandatory, but permissive; and negotiations could now be opened with the gentlemen at Annapolis. In the meantime the President had been assassinated, Richmond taken, and Lee's army surrendered. The rebellion was breaking away. All prisoners were to be released from parole, and sent home, and nothing would remain at Annapolis but the records. Unfortunately these proved to be of very little service—but a small percentage of those inquired for, were found on the rolls, and obviously these, for the most part, were not men who had been lost, but who had returned. She was also informed, on good authority, that a large number of prisoners had been exchanged without roll or record, and that some rolls were so fraudulent and incorrect, as to be worthless. Poor wretches in the rebel pens seemed even to forget the names their mother called them. The Annapolis scheme was therefore abandoned, with mortification that thousands of letters had lain so long unanswered, that thousands of anxious friends were daily waiting for tidings of their loved and lost. The pathos and simplicity of these letters was often touching. An old man writes that he has two sons and three grandsons in the army, and of two of the five he could get no tidings. Another says she knew her son was brave, and if he died, he died honorably. He was all she had and she gave him freely to the country. If he be really lost she will not repine; but she feels she has a right to be told what became of him. Many of the writers seemed to have a very primitive idea of the way information was to be picked up. They imagined that Miss Barton was to walk through all hospitals, camps, armies and prisons, and narrowly scrutinizing every face, would be able to identify the lost boy by the descriptions given her. Hence the fond mother minutely described her boy as he remained graven on her memory on the day of his departure. The result of these delays was the organization, by Miss Barton, at her own cost, of a Bureau of Records of Missing Men of the Armies of the United States, at Washington. Here she collected all rolls of prisoners, hospital records, and records of burials in the rebel prisons and elsewhere, and at short intervals published *Rolls of Missing Men*, which, by the franks of some of her friends among the Members of Congress, were sent to all

parts of the United States, and posted in prominent places, and in many instances copied into local papers.

When Johnny Comes Marching Home.

When Johnny comes marching home again,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
We'll give him a hearty welcome then,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
The men will cheer, the boys will shout,
The ladies they will all turn out,
And we'll all feel gay when Johnny comes
marching home.

The old church bell will peal with joy,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
To welcome home our darling boy,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
The village lads and lasses say
With roses they will strew the way,
And we'll all feel gay when Johnny comes
marching home.

Get ready for the jubilee,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
We'll give the hero three times three,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
The laurel wreath is ready now
To place upon his loyal brow,
And we'll all feel gay when Johnny comes
marching home.

Let love and friendship on that day,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
Their choicest treasures then display,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
And let each one perform some part,
To fill with joy the warrior's heart,
And we'll all feel gay when Johnny comes
marching home.

A Dutchman being called upon to give a toast, said: "Here ish to de heroes what fit, pled and died at the battle of Bull Run—of which I am one."

In The Prison Cell.

In the prison cell I sit, thinking mother dear of
you,
And our bright and happy homes so far away;
And the tears they fill my eyes spite of all that I
can do,
Tho' I try to cheer my comrades and feel gay.

CHORUS:

Tramp, tramp, tramp the boys are marching,
Cheer up comrades they will come;
And beneath the starry flag we shall breathe the
air again
Of the freeland in our own beloved home.

In the battle front we stood when their fiercest
charge they made,
And they swept us off a hundred men or more;
But before we reached their lines they were beaten
back dismayed,
And we heard the cry of vic'try o'er and o'er.

CHORUS.

So within the prison cell we are waiting for the
day,
That shall come to open wide the iron door;
And the hollow eye grow bright, and the poor
heart almost gay,
As we think of seeing home and friends once
more.

CHORUS.

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C. W. COPE, *Sig. of Judge.*

LETTERS FROM EMINENT MEN.

EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON, July 28, 1876.

The President directs me to acknowledge the receipt of an India proof set of engravings entitled "Life Studies of the Great Army," which you so kindly forwarded him, and to convey to you his sincere thanks. He wishes me to assure you of his appreciation of this valuable work of art, and of the kind sentiments expressed in your note presenting it.

Very respectfully yours,

U. S. GRANT,

Per Secretary.

To MR. EDWIN FORBES, Artist.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE UNITED STATES, WASHINGTON, D. C., July 24, 1875.

EDWIN FORBES, Artist.

My Dear Sir: I beg to acknowledge receipt of the Portfolio containing your series of copper-plate etchings, entitled "Life Sketches of the Great Army," and to thank you for the favor. I considered them most valuable; so much so, that I had already instructed my A. D. C. Colonel Audenried, to purchase the set of first proofs now on Exhibition at the Centennial in Philadelphia, which set I design for the decoration of my new office in the war department, when finished. I am sure that these pictures will recall to the survivors the memory of many scenes which are fading in the past.

Truly your friend,

W. T. SHERMAN, General.

HEADQUARTERS MILITARY DIV. OF THE MISSOURI, CHICAGO, Sept. 26, 1878.

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